

The TATLER

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London, October 7, 1931

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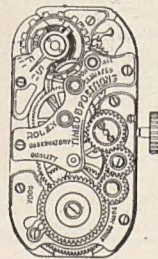
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The TATTLER

Vol. CXXII. No. 1580

London, October 7, 1931

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Price One Shilling



IN "ARROWSMITH": MR. RONALD COLMAN AND MISS HELEN HAYES

A romantic interlude in the screen version of Sinclair Lewis' stirring novel now being made by Samuel Goldwyn. "Arrowsmith," which won for its author the Nobel prize, tells the story of a heroic doctor who gives up a country practice to go and fight an epidemic of black plague in the West Indies. In preparation for his latest rôle Ronald Colman has had to make himself conversant with the workings of a hypodermic needle and other bacteriological devices. In addition to Helen Hayes the cast also includes Richard Bennett, Myrna Loy, A. E. Anson, and David Landau. It is a great distinction for Surrey that Mr. Colman was born there. This occurred thirty-four years ago. During the war he fought for his country, and he has been starring in American pictures since 1923

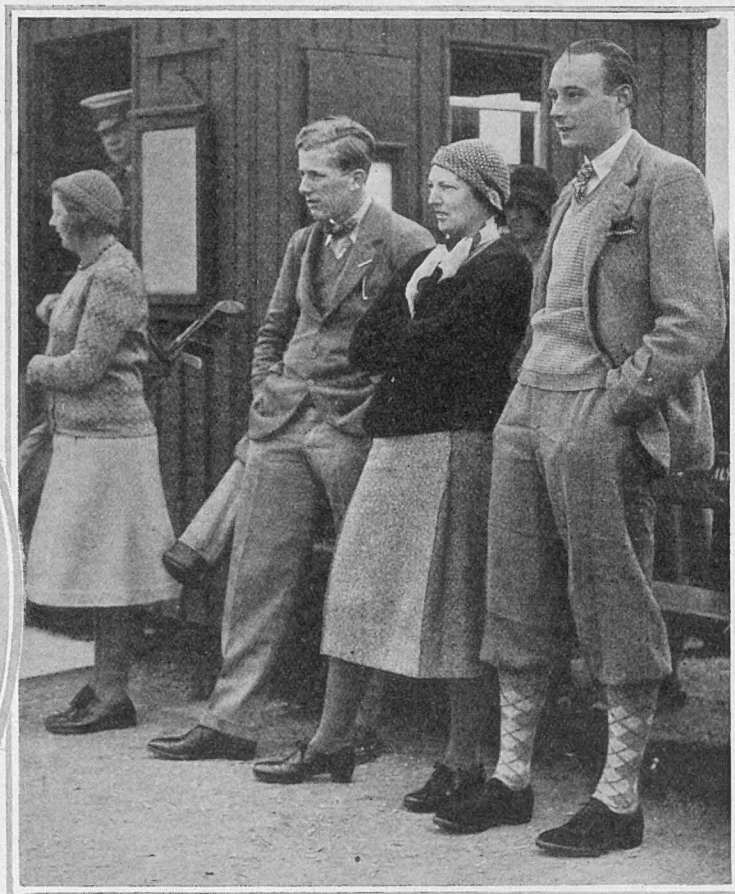
The Letters of Eve



LADY MARY CAMBRIDGE

Hay Wrightson

The only daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Cambridge, who will be one of the little bridesmaids at the wedding of Lady May Cambridge and Captain Henry Abel Smith, which is fixed for October 24 at Balcombe Church, Sussex



Balmain

UP NORTH BERWICK WAY

Mr. David Lubbock with (centre) his half-sister, Mrs. John Loder, who was formerly Miss Peggy Tennant, and is a sister of Lady Oxford and Asquith and an aunt of Lord Glenconner, and the Hon. Patrick Balfour, Lord Kinross' son and heir

GROSVENOR SQUARE,
W. 1

MANY things, my dear, are doubtful these days, but one is a certainty, and that is that the First October Meeting at Newmarket begins in September!

All zealous racing people were there, almost hot-foot from Newbury, where one fine day had made their summer. This phenomenon vied with the Aga Khan sensation as a topic of conversation, and needless to say there were a good few who had "seen it coming" (not the fine day, for the most optimistic had not thought of that).

To return to Newmarket, trim and tweedy was the motto, though Mrs. Clayton had taken the gloomy view and a fur coat. The Beary ménage



THOSE WONDERFUL HANDS—PADEREWSKI'S

The great pianist and composer started his winter tour through Great Britain on October 1, and this exclusive picture of the most wonderful pair of hands in the world is therefore of very present interest. It is published by the courtesy of Messrs. Steinway and Sons, upon one of whose magnificent instruments the great virtuoso is playing. Paderewski was born in the Province of Podolia in Russian Poland in 1860, and he began to learn to play the piano when he was three years old

Nothing can beat brown when autumn comes—at least that appeared to be the impression of many people at Newmarket. Lady Carnarvon, Lady Durham, and Lady Digby all wore this colour with unqualified success, though the dark blue school, represented by Mrs. Vandy Beatty, Lady Evelyn Beauchamp, and Miss Rose Bingham, didn't allow them everything their own way.

Lady Hillingdon was done brown, too, and Lady Bullough most arresting—all in red. Foxes were round every other neck, and they do most certainly trim a suit better than anything.

Poverty was being cried on every side, and the thing to do is to draw attention

to the age of your clothes; a coat and skirt will probably be judged according to its vintage before long. By the same token I *do* think it is time some of our leading social and political ladies ceased to boast of their latest Parisian purchases. It doesn't look well to speak about "Buy British" in an entirely French outfit.

* * *

All night clubs, or restaurants which have weathered the summer, have to have a "re-opening" just now if they want to be fashionable. It doesn't matter if they have been re-decorated or only cleaned, the thing to do is to make sufficient stir so that the right people come in shoals.

In this respect the Café Anglais was particularly lucky, for lots of young and lovelies were there as well as some older and importants. I'll leave you to sort out which was which from the following list. Lord and Lady Weymouth, she looking quite glorious in green with a white flower in her hair, were exchanging Venetian experiences with Mr. and Mrs. James Beck, for they had all been staying with Mrs. Corrigan.

Needless to say, when the latter took a house only the grandest Palazzo would do, and here she entertained her friends superbly. Lady Diana Cooper, Mr. Victor Cazalet, Mr. "Chips" Channon all came to stay, and the Greek Royal Family as well.

Lady Ashley and Sir "Tim" Birkin were others at the Café Anglais, also Lord Donegall, in great form, with something to say to everyone in the room. Then there were Señor and Madame de Pena, who give vast and remarkable parties, Sir Hugh Smiley, Miss Patricia Lowry-

Corry, and Mr. Peter Horlick with his most elegant fiancée, Miss Rosemary Nicholl.

* * *

Met Miss Diana Churchill the other day. She has been at Juan-les-Pins with her parents, but won't get another holiday for some time, as she is working frightfully hard at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. I hear she is considered very promising too, and as to popularity *cela va sans dire*.

One expects Churchills to be clever and

amusing, and they certainly are. Her brother, Randolph, of whom no one can very well have failed to hear, is now editing a magazine connected with Imperial Chemicals, and likely, I imagine, at any moment to explode into print over the present crisis, and how it might have been avoided. There is also their cousin, John, who is a rising young artist, and has already been commissioned by even such a connoisseur as Lady Islington to do some frescoes for her new house in Hyde Park Gardens.

* * *

Mr. Hamish St. Clair Erskine is back and very brown. He and his sister seem to have had great fun stalking in Mull, where they have been staying with Lord and Lady Massereene. One day Mr. Erskine got the record for the smallest stag—eleven stone—and the next for the largest, over nineteen stone. Lady Mary Erskine is also a handy shot with a rifle, and sports the neatest suit of trouserings when in search of something to aim at.



CAPTAIN AND MRS. GEOFFREY FIELDEN'S WEDDING

Amongst the large number of guests at St. Margaret's on the last day of September at the wedding of Captain Fielden, 7th Hussars, and Miss Virginia Inglis, were Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone, Lady May Cambridge and Captain Abel Smith. Mrs. Geoffrey Fielden is the only daughter of Mrs. John Inglis of the old Huntsman's House, Ascot

You are now going to listen in to some Canadian news for a change. "Winnipeg calling. Here we are at the beginning of a new season and quite determined not to be depressed. For one thing the unusually fine crop of débutantes would not permit it.

Our particular batch is prettier than ever, and includes three little girls from school in Switzerland, who will be presented to an admiring world at the Rowing Club Ball this month. They are the respective daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Nixon Breen, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Joyce, and Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Riley.

Slightly more sophisticated by reason of having made their bow in London this summer and curtsied to the King and Queen are Miss Joan Glassco, Miss Jocelyn Botterell, and Miss Maxwell Dennistoun. The latter is the younger daughter of Mr. Justice and Mrs. Dennistoun, and has lots of English relations on her mother's side.

(Continued overleaf)



ON THE SPEY: THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON

A recent snapshot of his Grace on the banks of the famous salmon river. The Duke of Richmond was formerly in the Irish Guards and was badly wounded in South Africa, where he was for part of the time on Lord Roberts' staff



HERR OSCAR STRAUS AT HOLLYWOOD

The well-known Viennese composer who, unlike some other great Viennese celebrities, spells his name with only one "s," is now under contract in Hollywood to write incidental music for a series of American talkies. He has won fame on this side of the Atlantic in "The Waltz Dream," "The Smiling Lieutenant," "The Chocolate Soldier," and very many other compositions

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

Private parties are at a premium (for obvious reasons), but even if this were not the case the one given by General and Mrs. Harold C. Bickford at their home in Soldiers Palace, Buffalo, New York, would still have been memorable. It was to celebrate the return from Paris of their daughter Phyllis, and friends from all over the State as well as from Eastern Canada declared it to be one of the best dances they had ever attended. Toronto, where the Bickfords used to live, sent a large contingent of engaging young people, among them being Miss Phyllis Finlayson, Miss Margery Gibson, and dark-haired and vivacious Miss Joan Parmenter.

The engagement list is filling rapidly. Two which particularly interest Toronto are those which concern Miss Marjorie Mulock and Miss Cecil Eustace Smith. The former, a granddaughter of Sir William Mulock, Chief Justice of Ontario, is to marry an Englishman, Mr. Reginald Arthur Hignett. Miss Eustace Smith, who in due course is to become Mrs. Edward H. Gooderham, is one of the world's most expert figure skaters and also a very noted golfer, having held the Ontario Championship.

Everyone in Winnipeg is looking forward to the wedding this month of Miss Mary Northwood and Mr. R. H. G. Bonnycastle, son of Mr. Justice Bonnycastle of Dauphin, Manitoba. Both bride and bridegroom (he was at Oxford) have many friends in England, and Lady Gwendoline Jellicoe is to be a bridesmaid. The Archbishop of Rupert's Land will officiate. Here endeth the Canadian bulletin, but I hope others will be forthcoming from time to time.

What a procession of weddings there is over here this month. Lady Elizabeth Yorke and Mr. Thomas Coke led off on the 1st at St. Margaret's. Their responses promised to be rather nasal, as they had both been contending with the most awful colds, but luckily these were remedied in time.

I've never seen the church so packed or heard a longer address than that given by the Bishop of Norwich; everyone wondered what he could be saying. It was all rather nice and friendly; lots of tenants from Holkham, and every relation you can think of. Lord Leicester in the grandest form.

The business of getting into 19, Belgrave Square for the reception was a real test of endurance. We timed it and it took exactly twenty minutes from the moment we arrived until we could get within greeting distance of the bride and bridegroom. Lady Weigall and her bath-chair gave it up in despair. Lady Elizabeth looked quite delicious and the bridesmaids made a brave show in white with red coats.

One of the many people in black and white was Lady Radnor, and it suited that lovely complexion admirably. There was great activity round the buffet, and I noticed one old lady busily stowing sandwiches into her handbag. And with reason, they were excellent.

At the moment the threat of a General Election has postponed the marriage of Lord Castlereagh and Miss Combe, unless they alter their minds now that the Prime Minister seems to be against going to the country. I'm told Mr. Ivor Guest is to be best man. I never realized that they were such friends.

Then, of course, there's the Royal wedding at Balcombe and Lady Margaret Bingham's to Colonel Alexander. I saw them dining together, the other night, looking most happy, and I hear they have patriotically decided to spend their honeymoon in England instead of abroad.

Viewing the work of young artists always gingers up the imagination, and the exhibition of "Recent Developments in British Painting" at Tooth's Galleries is as fresh a fillip as the first autumn frost. Many of the canvases suggested some new and explosive form of heraldic emblem suitable for the emblazonment of steel or iron implement-makers now ascending the social scale and becoming crest conscious. Edward Wadsworth is pre-occupied with grouping of a stimulating abstraction and, like John Bigge, has a machinery complex. I pondered over John Armstrong's impression of a derelict tape machine enriched with cigarette ends or, may be, empty cartridge cases, and also stopped to consider Paul Nash's "Salome," with its

lock of ebony hair and a coconut in a bowl standing by a book. Edward Burra's "Coffee" has the charm of an old master in the genre of a modernist, and all the pictures are calmly neo-Georgian in colouring.

Though share-mongering was at a standstill until just lately, brokers have evidently been busy in other directions judging by the three-day boomlet in brush-work at the Drapers' Hall. I'm not a great hand at the "big figures" of the Stock Exchange myself, but I heard members chuckling over Mr. W. G. Brooke's "Market Features" as they recognized each other.

If the Bank of England wants gold there's lots of it on "Psychic Sketches," done by Mr. F. G. Stobbs in, I imagine, a trance. Impressionistic watercolours by Mr. R. G. D. Alexander, and massed cloud effects by Mr. H. A. Mummery, were very attractive; and I liked extremely Mr. F. Moore's "Little Compton Manor."

When Elizabeth of England arrived at the Cambridge on Wednesday night after a long and successful sojourn in Germany, a good many distinguished people were there to greet her. Lady Diana Cooper, in filmy white and in a box with her husband, was the first beautiful woman I saw. Then I noticed Mrs. Claude

Beddington in Patou pink conversing with Rudyard Kipling; she looks so young that she is frequently invited to debutante parties. Captain Astley and his lovely wife (Madeleine Carroll that was) were making their first public appearance after their Italian honeymoon. The Evelyn FitzGerald was there, and I also saw Mr. Wilfred Greene, the well-known K.C., with his wife and niece.

Kathleen Lady Drogheda is always worth noticing. Irene Vanbrugh came with a party, and John van Druten, who seems to have a plethora of plays in active preparation, was missing nothing. Julia Neilson and Fred Terry, in the rôle of proud parents, were two of the many members of that famous family who had flocked to see Phyllis Neilson-Terry's truly magnificent performance.

Talking of performances, one of the best turns of the week was provided by Charlie Chaplin and Lady Louis Mountbatten when they danced the Argentine Tango together at Quaglin's. Sad about Brook House, isn't it?—Love, EVE.



LADY MARIAN CAMERON

Hay Wrightson

A recent and most attractive portrait of the youngest of the Earl and Countess of Huntingdon's three daughters, who married Captain Patrick Keith Cameron in 1918. Her two elder sisters are Lady Maud Curzon-Herrick and Lady Kilmorey

Wedding Dates



AT THE COKE-YORKE WEDDING: LORD AND LADY RADNOR AND (centre) MR. ADEANE



THE HON. THOMAS AND LADY ELIZABETH COKE



ALSO AT ST. MARGARET'S: MRS. HOWARD-VYSE AND MRS. NAPER



MR. JAMES BANNERMAN AND HIS BRIDE, FORMERLY MISS MUNDELL

Photographed a few days before their wedding, which took place yesterday (October 6) at Dornoch Cathedral. Mr. Bannerman is the noted Scottish Rugby international. On the right is another very famous Rugby player, Mr. W. E. Tucker (Cambridge Blue, Blackheath captain, and English international), who was married to Miss Jean Ferguson at St. Columba's, Pont Street

The marriage of Lord Leicester's grandson to the only daughter of Lord and Lady Hardwicke filled St. Margaret's, Westminster, last Thursday, for this very young couple (he is twenty-three and she nineteen) are exceedingly popular. Mr. Adeane came with his son-in-law and daughter, and Mrs. Howard-Vyse and Mrs. Naper were two of the innumerable relations present. The Scots Guards were well represented, this being not only the bridegroom's regiment but his father's and grandfather's before him



MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM TUCKER



MARRIED AT ALL SOULS': CAPTAIN AND MRS. M. H. BIRCH-REYNARDSON

Whose marriage was celebrated recently at All Souls', Langham Place. Mrs. Birch-Reynardson, formerly Miss Pauline Wendy Schulte, is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Schulte of Green Gables, Marlow. Her bridegroom is the only surviving son of Captain and Mrs. Vere H. Birch-Reynardson of Culver House, Newnham-on-Severn



IN "A FREE SOUL": MISS NORMA SHEARER
AND MR. LESLIE HOWARD

The new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, which opened at the Empire on October 2, and which is held to be Norma Shearer's greatest achievement. Leslie Howard, who is playing opposite to her, is English, and first won his spurs on the London stage. Since he has been in Hollywood the film has considerably absorbed him, and he has made a good success of it

THIS week's picture at the Empire is quite first-class, and for the following astonishing reasons. *A Free Soul* is about something, and it is also about something that matters. It has a theme which is developed logically, and those who think about such things will be both gratified and astonished to discover that the scene with which the picture ends is the one with which it started. The characters are recognizable as human beings who act according to the natures allotted them, by which I mean that thugs do not attend some exemplary death-bed, and in a passion of edification place themselves on the spot intended for somebody else. Nor do nitwits looking like blanched almonds offer their spotless reputations to professional man-handlers on condition that they shall quit Chicago and keep a sweet-shop in some country where it is always dawn. Strangest of all, gambling and drink are seen as the concomitants of a way of living in great part despicable, and not as the essential prelude to a life of renunciation as approved by Stevenson in the more mawkish passages of "Virginibus Puerisque." On the other hand, lewdness and unchastity are not presented as all that a girl should know before settling down to wifehood as expounded in Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies."

There is a situation in this film in which Stephen Ashe (Mr. Lionel Barrymore), a drunken if eloquent barrister, meets his daughter, Jan Ashe (Miss Norma Shearer), at some time after midnight in the private apartment of Ace Wilfong (Mr. Clark Gable), which is situated over this thug's speak-easy. Normally the situation would bear only two interpretations. The first, of course, is that the tipsy barrister has that evening not been tipping at all, but is merely simulating intoxication that he may rescue his daughter from the embraces of dinner-jacketed Thugdom. This innocent pearl has, of course, strayed into the aforesaid apartment under the belief that its owner is a fearless and reproachless Bayard and because some time after midnight is a convenient hour for an American maiden to thank a misunderstood hero who has delivered her from some previously exposed catastrophe. The other interpretation is that the maiden knows perfectly well what women possess and philosophers praise above rubies, but is willing to sacrifice that same if the unscrupulous thug in whose apartment she finds herself shortly after midnight in an ecstasy of fear and satin *beauté* will release her father. He, of course, is that night to be riddled by machine-guns, unless he promises in open court to-morrow to throw up his brief as State-prosecutor against the gang. In the film at the Empire none of these things happens. Jan goes to Wilfong's rooms

The Cinema

"A Free Soul," at the Empire

By JAMES AGATE

because part of the theory of the free soul is the right to do what one likes with one's body; and Stephen Ashe goes to the same house of accommodation because an American citizen desiring to get drunk may there be accommodated. The place being raided, the gambling tables being turned into the guileless apparatus for bagatelle and snooker, and Stephen moaning about some five hundred bucks which have been swept into obscurity with the green baize—all these things happening, it is only natural that he should be knocked on the head, carted out of the way, and deposited on the floor of that boudoir upon one of whose divans Jan is endeavouring to adjust her limitless mind and compose her limited dress. For, of course, Jan has been Wilfong's mistress. The thing which endears this film to me is that neither character at this point expresses that screen astonishment which would hardly be justified if before them, as they were taking a morning walk, the earth were to open up and swallow the Woolworth Building. "Here's a how-d'ye-do!" they say to each other mutely, and sordidly depart for home. Arrived home, they agree that the kettle of fish to which the theory of freedom has brought them is not as pretty as it might be, and that possibly there is something to be said for that rigid and puritan tradition from which they have emancipated themselves. Incidentally the nature of the family life against which they have rebelled is admirably indicated. But Stephen, in the luxury of agreement that both he and Jan are bad lots, goes a little too far. He can understand a flirtation with Wilfong but not marriage with that underworld rat. Upon this Jan first strikes her father and then proposes that they should spend the rest of the summer under canvas, he giving up the drink and she her lover. Now Love, said Swinburne in many torrential couplets, is stronger than Death, forgetting to add, as that poet very well knew, that it was less strong than Whisky. Stephen is the first to break the pact, whereupon Jan goes back to her thug who quite unreasonably proposes to marry her. This seems to me to be the one weak spot in the film. Jan thinks the proposal indecent, whereas in view of their previous relations it seems to me to be highly decent. Canvas and the open air have, however, brought to Jan the inkling that her wop adorer will be a very unpleasant person to be adored by permanently, so she takes refuge in the arms of one Dwight Winthrop (Mr. Leslie Howard), who is a noted polo-player and a Bayard honest and to goodness. He will marry Jan, whereupon the wop says that if he does he, Dwight, will not live long enough to start his honeymoon. So Dwight shoots him, is put on trial for murder, and acquitted owing to a very fine emotional defence put up by Stephen, who for the occasion is miraculously reclaimed from the gutter in which he has been lying and looking upon Three Stars.

This scene is remarkably well played by Mr. Barrymore, who manages to combine an exhibition of the family charm and dæmonism with a perfect exposition of emotion at its most maudlin. The wop, too, is magnificently handled by Mr. Gable, who makes it possible for us to believe that the delicate Jan can have taken pleasure in his gorilla-like embrace. Mr. Howard, too, adds one more study of a blond yet withal efficient and probable young man. In addition there is a pleasant picture of puritanism in straight-laced circles, and for once we hail a film in which a grand-mother is unsentimentalized. But the thing which holds the whole film together is the clever and conscientious performance of Miss Shearer, who still owes much more to the shape of her nose than her fans will willingly admit. This ornament begins as though it were going to be Roman, continues in that aspiration for some period, after which it traverses Gaul and becomes the sauciest little tip-tilted piece of provocation imaginable. Add a mouth which has no rose-bud nonsense about it, a sweep of the chin which is as oval as a Rugby football, a mass of artfully disposed tresses pomaded with genius, and of which only one maliciously escapes, and there, given the air of being as immaculately groomed as Mr. Nelson Keys, is the essential Norma. But all this would not avail without brains, and of those useful adjuncts Miss Shearer has plenty and to spare. She is a good actress. In fact, Shearer and that other one who has cut this film have between them made a first-class success of it.

"VIKTORIA AND HER HUSSAR" AT THE PALACE



MISS GINA MALO AND MR. OSKAR DENES



MISS BARBARA DIU

Bertram Park



MR. HARRY WELCHMAN (JOHN CARLING) AND MISS MARGARET CARLISLE (VIKTORIA)

Whirl, jollity, and charm are the main ingredients in Sir Alfred Butt's latest winner at the Palace Theatre, "Viktoria and Her Hussar," an operette from the Hungarian of Herr Emerich Foldes, with music by Paul Abraham. As it has had a sweeping success all through Europe before ever it landed in England, its fate was fairly well secured. The adaptor is Mr. Harry Graham, and he has done his work magnificently. The production is so fully dealt with by our dramatic critic and Mr. Tom Titt in our drama pages that it is unnecessary to say more than "look at these pretty pictures and then go and see the show for yourself"!



MR. REGINALD PURDELL (JANCZI) AND MISS GINA MALO (RIQUETTE)

Stage Photo Co.

RACING RAGOUT

By "GUARDRAIL"

NEWBURY for once had fine weather, at least it didn't actually rain and the attendance was good both days. A large number of fox-hunters from the Midlands are generally to be seen at this meeting, and their outlook on the situation from their point of view was gloomy in the extreme—subscriptions badly down, unable to take wire down, and nobody able to afford to hunt.

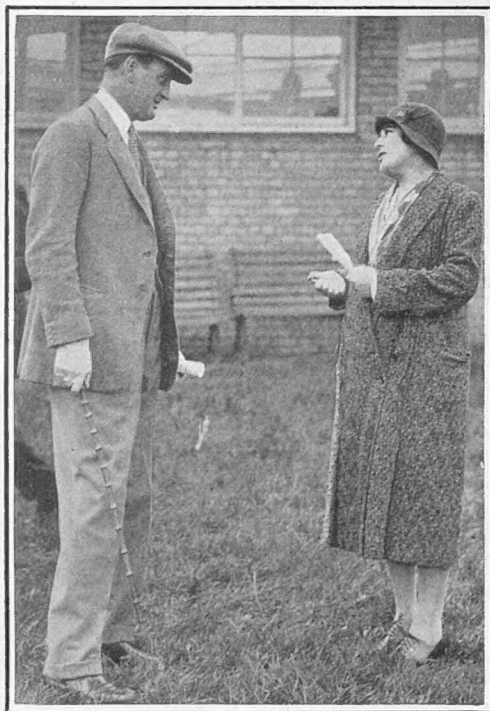
The thousand-pound Nursery was won fairly easily by Brassie for Lord Brougham and Vaux, who cannot so far have had a very lucrative season, while in the Autumn Foal Plate Michael Beary rode a most perfect race to win on Firdausi, who was very badly drawn. St. Reynard hasn't done much since his second in the Cesarewitch, but with 11 st. in a bumpers' race he was betted on like a good thing, and what a good thing it was! Putting on one side the amount he had in hand, had he finished in the first three he must have been awarded the race on an objection to the other two. All he had to do was to stand up, though at one time it looked as though he was unlikely to be allowed to do so, so badly was he bumped and crossed.

The Cup was a triumph of handicapping, and produced the most thrilling finish to a long-distance race one is ever likely to see.

Nitsichin, who is a most difficult filly to ride, should have won with some ease if she could have been induced to run straight, but as it was she just succumbed with only a length between the first six horses.

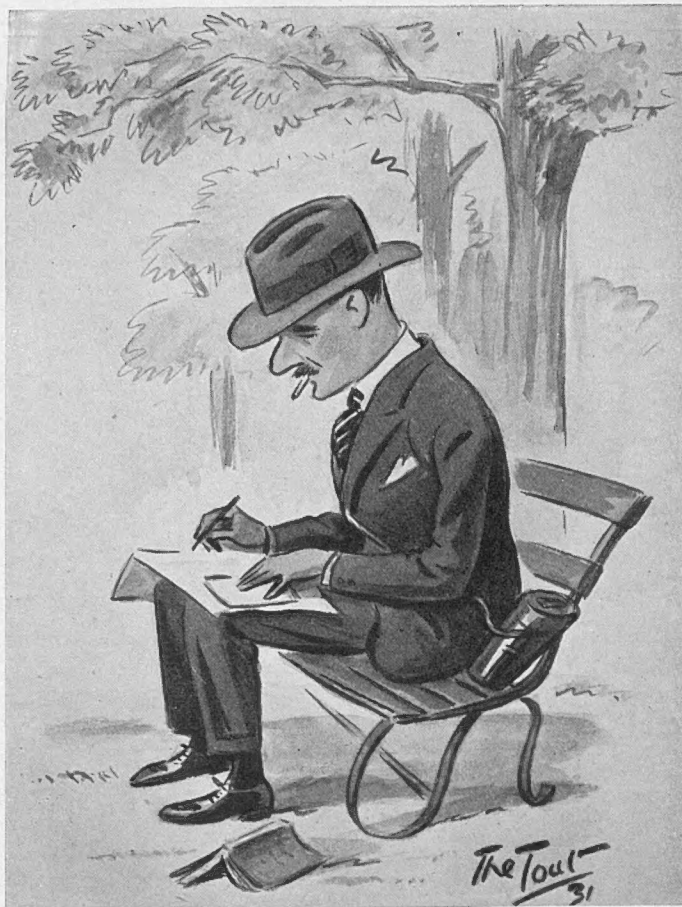
It was on this day that the partnership between the Aga Khan and Dick Dawson was dissolved in a breath, a turf sensation that was almost discredited when it was learnt that the horses were to leave the next day. For ten years Mr. Dawson has won on an average £30,000 in stakes, including a Derby, Guineas, St. Leger, and Eclipse for His Highness, a record that takes some beating. An owner can, of course, remove his horses at any time, and His Highness is within his rights. A large number of the horses have gone to Frank Butters at Newmarket, who now has probably more horses under his care than any other trainer in England.

Newmarket once again, and the chilly wind of the autumn meetings makes one feel as out of place in summer suitings as



AT THE NEWMARKET SALES: CAPTAIN BOYD-ROCHFORD AND MRS. H. E. MORRIS
Captain Boyd-Rochfort has not had the best of luck with his three-year-olds this season, as Jacopo has been a sore disappointment. Sir Andrew also has not had all the fortune he perhaps deserved. Mrs. Morris is the wife of the owner of Manna, who won the Derby in 1925

the gentleman seen at 11 on Sunday morning in full evening dress in Jermyn Street apparently coming from a vegetarian meeting. The sales presented a gloomy appearance, though for the most part the class of yearling offered did not warrant a great crowd attending. Many lots were unsold, and the owners thereof were then in a quandary. Not wishing to cut a loss, not wishing to incur further expense and unable to lease, many in the end were forced to sell privately for what they could get—which wasn't much.



WORKING IT OUT: LORD NUNBURNHOLME

As "The TOUT" caught him at a busy moment. Lord Nunburnholme was formerly in the 10th. He married the Marquess of Bath's daughter, Lady Mary Thynne

There is a great art in this buying an unsold lot, and one can't help being sorry for the poor individual who, having brought the animal say from Ireland, is bid less and less by a succession of "heads" who know it isn't worth his while to take it back there, and that one of them will get it at lurcher price in time. Many yearlings are practically given away, and to save this, one animal was bought by a syndicate of five people. One is to own it, one to train, one to manage, one to do the commissions, and one the press notices, and all intend to go racing free for a year on the strength of it anyway. A trainer of the "small and early" sort of two-year-old has set himself to buy ten yearlings for £1,000, and so far has bought seven averaging £100 apiece. They are, he says, a better lot than he generally gets for more than double the money, and there are few better judges.

The two most improved horses in training are Rose en Soleil and Bargany, both trained by Dawson Waugh for Lord Howard de Walden, and they both won their races like real good horses to complete a double on the Tuesday. Doctor Dolittle, who ran in Rose en Soleil's race, seems to be a spent force. His brother, offered at the sales, was retained by his owner, Mr. Cundell, at about 1,300 guineas.

Racing on the first two days was on the whole dull, though brightened on the second day by the appearance of Miss Bingham, who it is to be hoped will race more frequently.

Tuesday was a Manton Day, Links Tor and Pompier winning easily, while the diminutive Orta, who must be the gamest animal in training, refused to be beat, and struggled up to win by a head. The Cesarewitch situation doesn't seem to develop much, and in Khorsheed, Noble Star, and Friendship, and Old Orkney, who always runs well in this race, the winner should be found. The finishing burst of speed of Noble Star makes me incline to him, though should the going be deep 8 st. 12 lb. is a heavy burden for a horse of his inches. He will, I am convinced, run an even better horse than he did at Doncaster, where he was taking on possibly the world's top class.

Should you happen to see a small Frenchman with a terrified look in his eye whenever a lady approaches him on a race-course, he is, for your information, the artist who has been commissioned by a well-known firm to illustrate their calendar with caricatures of well-known racing women. Even though most of his work has been done before these chilly winds started, his nerve has gone, and he is cancelling his passport from January 1.

'CHASING AT SOUTHWELL AND A TURF WEDDING



IN THE CLUB STAND AT THE SOUTHWELL 'CHASES

Howard Barrett

Howard Barrett

SIR GEOFFREY CONGREVE ON LADY ARDOON
—A WINNER, HIS OWN MARE—RETURNING
TO SCALE

Some of the names left to right and up and down the picture can no doubt be picked out as follows: Miss Smith (second row); Mr. Hugh Hamshaw (behind), an owner; Mr. Foster, another owner; Mr. S. Booth (with glasses), Mr. B. Booth (in front), Mr. Harry Brown (front row), Mr. A. Reader, also a trainer (just behind), Miss M. Sheriffe, Mr. A. Cooke, Lady Warrender, Mr. Cockton (at back), the Hon. Gerald Foljambe, Captain Tommy McDougall (in front), and Mr. Arthur Watson



Howard Barrett

MR. AND MRS. J. CRAMSIE AT THE NUGENT-
PUXLEY WEDDING

AT SOUTHWELL: MR. A. B. BRISCOE,
THE CAMBRIDGE TRAINER

CAPTAIN GOOCH, MR. DICK DAWSON, AND
ELENOR DAWSON

The jumping meeting at Southwell, Notts, is one of the early-on N.H. fixtures and was a really good success—excellent going, big fields, and a most enthusiastic gallery, plus a spot of nice autumn weather—so what more could be demanded? Sir Geoffrey Congreve, who is a son of the late General Sir Walter Congreve, V.C., scored a most popular win on his own Lady Ardoon in the South Notts Handicap 'Chase. Mr. Briscoe is the clever young Cambridge trainer, and Lady Bowden is the wife of Sir Harold Bowden. Mr. J. Cramsie, another well-known trainer, and his wife were amongst the many racing folk who were at the recent wedding of Sir Hugh Nugent to Miss Peggy Puxley at Newbury, and so were Captain Gooch, still incapacitated by that smashing fall he got out hunting, and Mr. Dick Dawson, whose separation from the Aga Khan, for whom he has won over £300,000, caused a definite surprise



ON THE BEACH, NORTH BERWICK: LADY MARGARET
AND LADY ALICE EGERTON

Balmain

The two youngest daughters of the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere. North Berwick is connected principally with the golfing industry, but on its seaward side there is some perfectly good material for sand-castle architecture

With and Without Mystery.

AS that vile murderer, James Canham Read, was walking towards the village of Prittlewell (Southend-on-Sea's best attempt at a "rural retreat") with his victim, Miss Florence Dennis, Mr. Guy Logan, in his new book, "Great Murder Mysteries" (Stanley Paul, 18s.), tells us he did so with "one arm through hers and the other caressed her waist." And I am still wondering *how on earth he managed to do it!* The only way by which he could possibly accomplish such a feat of contortion would not look one bit romantic! At least, not to me. But, of course, there was no real romance in this man's heart at all. He was just a low-down philanderer whom women—a certain type of woman, that is—fall for as regularly as a certain type of man falls for the low-down philanderer of the so-called feebler sex. The murder itself was one of those commonplace sexual affairs which really have little inherent mystery at all about them. But then it must be confessed that some of the murders included in Mr. Logan's book are, by their psychological interest, or even by the interest belonging to sheer "bafflement," scarcely worthy of resuscitation in so expensive a book. On the other hand some are. And it must be accounted unto the book for glory that it does at least revive the story of many famous murder trials which have not been written round and about, from this angle and from that, until your familiarity with all their aspects amounts to botheration. The Camden Town mystery, for example, in which an artist, Robert Wood, who was acquitted the circumstantial evidence against him being quite insufficient. Rightly, however, he was found innocent. When you are dealing with the murder of such girls as Emily Dimmock you would

With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

require very strong evidence indeed to convict the "last man she was seen talking to." Any man might have done it, friend or complete stranger. There is something haunting, too, in the terrible murder by a young man named Durrant of two young girls whose bodies were placed in a church steeple, and at least one of them lay undiscovered there for weeks. Meanwhile, Durrant lived in the odour of sanctity, one among the more diligent searchers for the two missing girls. But for drama there is none more thrilling in the book than the murder of a man chosen by Charles Henry Schwartz because he resembled himself. It was a murder of which that committed by Rouse was, in the tradition, only a long way behind. Instead of merely burning a motor-car, Schwartz blew up a whole factory, and if, so we are told, the right ear of the victim had not miraculously escaped injury, the murder might never have been discovered at all, the story passing into history as a gigantic accident, or a more than usually dramatic form of suicide. To repeat, the great virtue of Mr. Logan's book is that it does resuscitate murders which have not been written about *ad nauseam* by every amateur criminologist who writes books. Yet, curiously enough, how few books there are written round the subject of real crime, especially that of murder, which do not, somehow or other, make everything curiously unreal, as unreal, say, as an old-fashioned melodrama acted by old-fashioned barnstormers. You could count on the fingers of one hand the writers on the crime whose literary style does not impinge upon the quaintness of the old "Newgate Calendar." As if they were shaking their heads sadly over the wickedness of it all, and asking their readers to thank God that such villainies were at length brought to due justice. The trouble is, I suppose, that these writers are so busy harrowing us over the details of the crime that they miss the only real interest which remains after the crime has been committed, which is the psychological study of the criminal himself. That and that alone is of enduring interest and importance. It is scarcely touched upon by Mr. Logan, and he is by no means alone. So you must read his book only for the outline of the crimes presented. And some of them are most extraordinary stories. But if you hope to find anything more profound than the story of the deed, and the various points made by opposing and defending counsel at the trial, you will be disappointed. Nevertheless, and to repeat, some of the stories are extraordinary, very well worth reading, especially if you be interested in the more terrible murders in the history of crime.

* * *

How Wicked We Were Then.

I have come to the conclusion that if it were not for the Good prowling around we should never get to know how really wicked the world is. I have sat in the wickedest place and have come out far more bored than tarnished. On the contrary, I have sat with the Good and have come away feeling like the Devil! Which is strange; albeit in the common tradition. Nevertheless, the fact must be faced—this world is cleaner than it was. The big sins are still here, of course; but the little sins have become matters of complete indifference. I can remember. . . . No, I will spare you reminiscences. But there is a picture in "Sins of New York" (as "exposed" by "The Police Gazette"), compiled by Edward van Every, and published by Messrs. Stokes of New York, which shows us a damsel of the 'nineties showing her calves in a high wind. The result is amazing! Every man in the vicinity is forgetting his Country, Home, and Duty, for the moment in order to feast his delighted



Pooler, Dublin

AT ROSSMORE CASTLE, MONAGHAN

Lord and Lady Rossmore and Miss Betty Lee, who is Lady Rossmore's daughter by her first marriage. Lord Rossmore is in the R.N.V.R. and served in that unit through the war. The setter in the picture is Rossmore Grouse

(Continued on p. 12)

DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCE

By GEORGE BELCHER. A.R.A.



Lady (discussing her lodger): 'E's that secretive, Mrs. Green, 'e's bin engaged for more than a year and the only letters 'e leaves about are from his cousin who's a butcher's assistant in Peckham

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

eyes on two fat legs. The whole thing was designed too for "naughtiness." It is nowadays, alas! only amusing because once it was considered naughty. 1931 has lost all those kinds of thrills. There is nothing to replace them unless, peradventure, somebody is murdered just in front of us. No wonder everyday life is duller than it used to be. I can well remember those old "New York Police Gazettes," printed on pink paper, which used to hang outside the more obscure barbers' shops. How gaily wicked we thought those pictures of damsels with pinched-in waists and "patriotic" hips as, holding up the inevitable glass of champagne, they sat on the knees of a be-whiskered Lothario, while underneath was printed some such message as: "Midnight Scenes in Gotham—the Road to Ruin with the many temptations on the way described on page II." From these old Police Gazettes Mr. van Every has resuscitated a whole chapter of social history. And the quaint fact emerges that, although most people surreptitiously bought the pink-papered Gazette because it was "pink," it was in reality one of the greatest moral reformers in New York City at that time. Until it appeared, nobody really knew how wicked the City was. When they did know they, of course, started immediately to clean up the surrounding iniquity by writing and talking all about it, and with a flourish of moral trumpets, driving it inwards where, under the common illusion of the "unco' guid," it was considered no longer to exist. The result of all this was that, paradoxically, the proprietor and editor waxed exceedingly rich on the crimes and vices his paper purported to expose and denounce. Nowadays, I'm afraid, "The New York Police Gazette" wouldn't be considered naughty at all. Only frightfully amusing. Especially the illustrations. And especially those illustrations which show the wilder night-life. These are gems of that seriousness which is often so comic. For them alone the book is well worth buying. And for those of us who remember, isn't it amusing to recollect how wickedness used to start immediately a lady's stocking was perceived over the rim of her laced boots? While, as for a lady in tights!! Yes, say what you will, the 'nineties had far more thrills per diem than we have to-day, when a backless beach suit can quite easily uncover merely a Church worker.

Gay Maisie Gay.

One learns next to nothing about Maisie Gay herself, in her book of reminiscences, "Laughing Through Life" (Hurst and Blackett. 12s. 6d.), but she has written an amusing and very readable book. Especially if you are interested in theatrical small talk. Otherwise the book has no significance except to entertain us, and this it surely will. Miss Gay gives only the merest outline of her own life, apart from the theatre, and nothing at all of that inner life which, however, is just as interesting as even the gayest back-stage-chronicles in, of course, a metaphorical sense. So that we get to know her personally—not at all; but nevertheless she makes us laugh and keeps us amused; not so much as she does on the stage, perhaps, but

much more than might have been expected; stage people, as a rule, writing the dullest memoirs. I won't tell you the story of George Edwardes who, never being able to remember names, asked for Eustace Miles (and got him) when he really wanted Leslie Styles. It has been quoted so often since the book came out. But I loved Miss Gay's two errors in French. Going to a French hotel and looking round the bed-room and not seeing a wardrobe, she rang for the valet-de-chambre and said to him with great dignity, "Cherchez-moi un amour, s'il vous plait." And again, when in another hotel she thought the one mattress very thin, "Je ne peux pas dormir sans deux matelots," was what she told the manager, who, happily, didn't oblige, his not being a seaside town. So, all the way through the book, Maisie Gay marvelously keeps up the infectiously gay note. The volume is well illustrated from photographs, and should be a real success.

Incidentally, if you send your copy to Miss Gay and 9d. for postage, together with a donation for the Charing Cross Hospital, she will sign it on the title page and send it you back again.

* *

More Stage Reminiscences.

When I wrote above that, as a rule, stage people write the dullest memoirs, what I meant to say was that most of them seem incapable of realizing that a success at Wigan in 1907, followed by an even greater triumph at Manchester, in 1908, with newspaper cuttings complete, has no interest for the reader in 1931, unless there is some other significance. Which is perhaps one of the reasons why Anton Dolin's book, "Divertissement" (Sampson Low. 12s. 6d.), is head and shoulders above the usual volume of stage recollections. For one thing, it gives a vivid picture of the life and work, the practical side and the dreams which went to make up that ensemble known as the Russian Ballet. All the great names associated with it do not remain merely names. Take, for example, this picture of that so tragic figure which now, is all that remains of the Pan-like Nijinski. It was during a rehearsal of *Le Train Bleu* in Paris.

"Picture a stage, two score dancers sweating with the heat, a thin grey carpet which adds still more to the drabness of an empty theatre. . . . Then suddenly the atmosphere changes. Someone is coming through the large scenic door leading from the concierge's at the back. A figure is walking through the door slowly. Somehow one feels that he is not sure of his feet. He seems to glide along. A few yards behind follow his valet and his wife. Once again, the second time only in my life, I see Nijinski! A hush comes over the whole company. No one moves. Their whole being, their whole mentality, their whole life seem to be concentrated on this pathetic figure. Slowly he walks to the front of the stage. A chair is brought. He sits down. . . . In front of him—he who did not jump but flew like a bird—I was rehearsing the back-falls that made a slight sensation in the ballet when it was produced, a cartwheel, and leaps on the stage à la danse acrobatique classique. What feelings must have been this man's, this god of the classic dance, watching a rehearsal of *Le Train Bleu*? . . ."



"Pity you didn't come next week, sir, we're going to galvanize the roof"

THE BRAVE AND THE FAIR

Hounds and Rounds at Shroton



MISS PHILIPPA BROCKLEBANK AND MLE. MAUNOIR



WELL UP

Miss Helen Forestier-Walker (left) and Miss Pat Kelly indulging in a circular tour at Shroton Fair after the Portman Hounds had met there. Miss Forestier-Walker is the only child of Major-General Sir George and Lady Mary Forestier-Walker of Okeford House, Blandford



MRS. SCOTT AND RICHARD BROWNE

The wife of the Joint Master of the Portman, Captain W. W. B. Scott, with the young son of Captain W. P. B. Browne, the ex-Joint Master, at the Portman's Shroton Fair meet. For those not cognizant with the happenings attendant on this venerable annual fixture, it must be explained that after hounds have met on the Fair ground they then set about the business of cub-bustling on Hambleton Hill. Later in the day the field returns to the Fair, and it is a point of honour to have a dart at all the side shows, particularly the merry-go-rounds



SIR RANDOLF BAKER AND HIS DAUGHTER



MISS C. BOWER AND MISS BETTY KELLY

Miss Selina Baker, who saw the fun from the back of her white donkey, is the six-year-old daughter of the Squire of Ranston and Lady Baker. Sir Randolph Baker commanded the Dorset Yeomanry in Palestine, and represented the North Dorset Division in Parliament for eight years

Photographs by Chas. E. Brown

A Rugby Letter : By "HARLEQUIN"

ALREADY we spectators are well into our stride. The season is only three weeks old but here we are arguing, dogmatizing, and laying down the law. B. C. Gadney, we say, must play for England at scrum-half; K. A. Sellar, we declare knowingly, is a better full-back than he was in 1928. So it goes on, all very pleasantly and amicably, and yet I often wonder how much we really know about this most complicated of games.

Time after time, when I am watching a match, I find myself noting incidents without being able to trace their origin. Possibly

his country in 1930, and he said definitely that Spong was far and away the best of the British outsides, and for that matter that he was better than any of the New Zealand half-backs. And then I watched Spong playing for J. S. Tucker's XV at Bristol a fortnight ago, and he certainly played extraordinarily well. He has more vitality and daring than any other English stand-off half, and it is disquieting to think that for at least two years I may have been misjudging him. I may, in fact, have been approaching the problem from the wrong angle.

It has always seemed to me that, given the essential qualities of intelligence, quickness off the mark, and sure hands, a stand-off half's primary duty is to be an efficient link between the scrum-half and the centre three-quarters. That is reasonable enough, but it is equally possible to argue that the centre three-quarters should be capable of keeping in touch with even so individual a player as Spong. If Spong by his strong running unexpectedly breaks through where the ordinary stand-off half would have passed, is he to be blamed when there is no one up to support him? This is a nice problem, and it recalls that heated controversy about the respective merits of T. Lawton, who played for Oxford and the Waratahs, and H. J. Kittermaster of Oxford and England. I still think that Kittermaster, who timed his passes so beautifully, was the better player, though no doubt there are many who would vote for Lawton.



THE OLD PAULINES XV

The side which beat the Old Blues (team below) by 8 points to 6 in the recent match at Fairlop. The names, left to right, are: Back row—S. M. Mischler, G. B. W. P. Wright, A. Jankel, C. G. Gwynn, R. M. Marsh, G. A. Embleton, R. E. Wise, R. H. B. Nicholls, G. G. Shineerson, and J. B. McLean; seated—E. A. Low, R. Klemm, J. H. Salmons (captain), J. J. A. Embleton, and C. H. Dixon

that is a confession of weakness, but Rugby football moves so quickly that we are carried over the surface and left with only a general impression of the run of the play. How is any critic, for example, able to estimate the value of a forward unless he watches that forward continually and neglects the rest of the game? And how often can we tell from the stand exactly what it was that caused a passing movement to break down? There are so many factors to be considered and so many possible explanations of failure or success that the conscientious critic must often approach his task with a certain humility.

To take a case in point—not as an instance of the conscientious critic, but as a sample of ignorant condemnation—the other day I blamed the Harlequin pack for slovenly heeling. After the game I spoke to P. W. Adams, who leads the Harlequin forwards, and leads them very well, and he told me that he had purposely been trying to keep the ball and wheel. Perhaps my face was saved to some extent by the fact that the attempts at wheeling were singularly unsuccessful, but there it was—I was convicted of being one of those hasty spectators who jump to unwarranted conclusions.

Again, consider R. S. Spong, the Old Millhillian stand-off half, a player about whom opinion is sharply divided. I have always had the greatest admiration for his courage and thrustfulness, but I must admit that he has never appeared to me to be a constructive player. It so happened that a New Zealand friend of mine was recently discussing the British team which toured



THE OLD BLUES XV AND THE REFEREE

The team which was beaten 8 to 6 by the Old Paulines, who are in the other picture. The names, left to right, are: Back row—E. L. M. Mathias, E. M. Undery, K. D. Crook, H. E. R. Wales, T. G. Jennings, A. W. Childs-Clarke, P. Bartram, H. J. Hobden, G. H. R. Goobey, J. R. Harrison, and R. A. Jones; seated—H. A. Faquane (referee), T. N. Pearce, J. N. Young (captain), N. K. Payne, and D. C. V. Roberts

But now for some more general though admittedly superficial impressions of the advancing season. One thing has particularly struck me, and that is the fitness of players so early in the year. I have seen Rosslyn Park, Blackheath, Bristol, and the Harlequins, and all of them set a cracking pace in their games and maintained it to the end. In a way this is a good augury, for we have to meet the Springboks soon—London are playing them at Twickenham on Saturday week (October 17)—but I hope it does not mean early staleness. It is easy to overdo training at the beginning of the season; there are seven months of football ahead of us, and some of the players who are so sprightly now may be feeling a trifle jaded soon after Christmas.

Rosslyn Park, incidentally, are a likely team. They lack polish, perhaps, but they certainly set about their work with a fine energy. They have one young forward who should be worth watching—C. E. Walters, who has just returned from

(Continued on p. xxviii)

RACING ENTHUSIASTS



GORDON RICHARDS, MARTIN HARTIGAN, "SIR EDWARD," AND "DUGGIE" (MR. M. H. BENSON)

"The Tout's" impression of four pillars of the Turf. "Duggie's" ever enthusiastic but rather absent-minded "client" is to many people almost as real as Mr. M. H. Benson himself. The latter, who trains with Mr. Martin Hartigan at Marlborough, was very disappointed at not winning the Oaks this year with his charming filly, Lady Marjorie. H. Wragg had the mount on that occasion, but Gordon Richards rode her when she won the Prince of Wales's Handicap and also in the One Thousand, in which she was beaten a head after swerving when going up the hill. That Gordon Richards will finish the season as champion jockey once more is, at the time of writing, an odds-on chance



NORMAN HARTNELL chooses DOLCIS SHOES to wear with this NEW EVENING ENSEMBLE

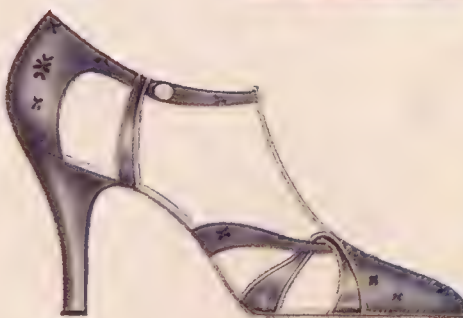
That most eminent Couturier, Norman Hartnell, emphasises the importance of well-designed shoes; he favours DOLCIS because they are always so smart and "fashion-right."



At Malmaison or Monseigneur this is the type of evening shoe that will be seen. In Tinsel Crêpe and Satin in Green, Blue, White and Black. Model 7404 - - - 22/6 a pair



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A happy harmony of Tinsel, Brocade and Satin with dainty Silver Piping. This evening shoe is one of the latest Dolcis models. In Green, Red, White and Black. Model 7403 - - - 22/6 a pair



A refreshingly distinctive evening Sandal in Silk Crêpe with Gold Piping, in Green, Red, Blue, White and Black. Model 6416 - - - 25/- a pair



This season the smartest Court shoes for evening wear have open shanks. The model sketched here-with is daintily piped with Silver Kid. In Satin or Crêpe Faconné, in Black also White for dyeing. Model 8447 - - - 25/- a pair

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THE TWIN DAUGHTERS OF
LORD GEORGE SCOTT

Miss Jean and Miss Marjorie Scott, of whom these are the most recent and very attractive portraits, are the two youngest daughters of Lord George Scott and the late Lady George Scott, who was formerly Lady Elizabeth Manners, and died in 1924. Lord George Scott is a younger brother of the Duke of Buccleuch, and his seat is Kirklands, Ancrum, Roxburghshire, hard by the site of the battlefield where in 1545 the Maid of Lilliar, after losing both her legs, continued to fight on her "stoomps." There is a little monument to her commemorating her great bravery. Lord George Scott takes a very keen interest in the breeding of the Buccleuch hounds, of which his brother, the Duke, and his nephew, the Earl of Dalkeith, are the Joint Masters, and there is no better or better-looking pack in the Three Kingdoms



MISS JEAN SCOTT



MISS MARJORIE SCOTT

Photographs by Yevonde, Victoria Street

THE PASSING SHOWS

"Viktoria and Her Hussar,"
at the Palace Theatre



"MAUSIE, WHAT DID WE DO LAST NIGHT?"—THIRD ENCORE

Mr. Oskar Denes, a thrice welcome stranger from Hungary, and Miss Barbara Diu, another luxury import, getting into their stride in an electrifying demonstration of how to sing, laugh, and dance at the same time

THE K is hard as in "Mikado" Can a Hungarian officer, languishing in a Siberian log-hut, avoid the discomfort of being shot at dawn by calling upon his batman for a last tune on the violin? In Siberia proper, where Cossacks are Cossacks, one thinks not. In Siberia, less proper, there are no difficulties. No sooner has the batman drawn his bow at a venture (hoping the audience won't notice that somebody else is supplying the music) than the sentry declares himself ex-leader of the Imperial Orchestra, drops his rifle and falls ecstatically upon the borrowed fiddle. Whereupon the prisoners slip out through the open door and thus, out of the Prologue into the play.

After this flouting of possibilities, which has the virtue of drumming the theme song *marcato* and *penseroso*, into our heads bright and early—and a very pluggable melody it is—the most unlikely people proceed to behave in the most romantic manner in the most romantic places. Which is strictly according to Cocker, as interpreted by Captain Harry Graham (book and lyrics), with due acknowledgments to Alfred Grünwald and Dr. Fritz Lohner-Beda, with further acknowledgments to the Hungarian of Emerich Foldes.

Discarding Mr. Laurence Irving's yellow ochre sky and the dim Siberian twilight, the next scene precipitates us into the first act of *The Mikado*, *The Geisha*, or any other musical play in which the ladies of the chorus shuffle about in kimonos and succeed in looking only twice the size of Japanese maidens, gongs blend with the blah-blah of the saxophones, and someone sings a song about "Marriage Time in Mimosa Land," or "Petals of the Plum." This pleasaunce of many memories is the garden of the American Embassy in Tokio, which, it seems, is the first port of call for escaped prisoners from Russia. It was as much of a surprise

to Captain Koltay, Viktoria's Hussar (Mr. Roy Russell) to find his old sweetheart, Viktoria (Miss Margaret Carlisle), married to the American Ambassador as it was for us to behold Mr. Harry Welchman in frock coat and diplomatic trousers playing one of those retiring dignified parts which Mr. Bertram Wallis now assumes with such old-world charm. With no shadow

of reflection on Mr. Russell, who sings admirably, it seemed that either Mr. Welchman, deprived of his usual spurs, sabre, and swagger, was being wasted, or that the parts of hussar and husband might have been shuffled round with advantage. Anyway, instead of being the conquering hero, Mr. Welchman, who can sing a desert song and even mount a desert horse with anyone, spent the rest of the evening in a chastened mood of middle-aged chivalry. His only bit of fun was to dance at unexpected moments with his wife to the waltz refrain which they had both sung so charmingly.

For two acts Viktoria, in spite of a kiss and a duet or two, gave His Excellency no cause for complaint. Her Hussar's sudden appearance in the middle of her brother's wedding to Lia San (whose father was none other than Gilbert's Mikado himself) provided the dramatic climax to Act I. In a cunning "cut-back" we saw the lovers parting to the sound of martial music. The Hussar was going to the front. It was because the casualty lists had reported him dead that Viktoria married her diplomat. When the lights went up again the garden was still there, Mikado and all.

All second Acts must have an extra special climax in musical comedy, and again the gallant, captain obliged. Viktoria had turned him down, so when the Red Guards in the Square were becoming too persistent, Koltay, forging his benefactor's signature, gave



ENGLAND AND AMERICA "FOLLOWING THE DRUM"

Janczi (Mr. Reginald Purdell) and Riquette (Miss Gina Malo) tread a lively measure in Petrograd before taking part in a triple wedding in Hungary



DIPLOMACY

Mr. Harry Welchman, as the elderly American Ambassador in Tokio, singing familiar sentiments in, for him, unusual impedimenta

Viktoria, is American. She has the wistful air of one combating a secret sorrow and an excellent soprano voice which seems a trifle hard in the upper register. Viktoria's maid, also Hungarian, is played by Miss Gina Malo, an adorable Broadway brunette with the shapeliest legs on earth, and unlimited charm, humour, and resource. Lia San from Japan is Miss Barbara Diu, who comes, I believe, from Russia, talks with an alluring accent, laughs infectiously, and bubbles over with

himself up and was marched away. The knowledge that his destination would probably be Siberia was no doubt responsible for a quick change from evening dress to uniform. Our last glimpse of Mr. Welchman's Embassy in Petrograd was mainly concerned with Mr. Welchman himself swooning gracefully and melodramatically beside a curtain.

All was over, one gathered, between Viktoria and her husband.

And so it proved when, in Act III, we dropped into the Coliseum, so to speak, and found the villagers of Dorozsma and their comic mayor (Mr. Clifford Heatherley) *en fête* in the jolliest of red and white Hungarian costumes made in Berlin. In due, but not undue, course, the Hussar re-appeared from exile like a bolt from the blue, and Viktoria, now divorced, fell smilingly into the theme song and the local custom of a triple wedding.

This hybrid travelogue is a curious mixture. The story ranges over the map with "Distance no Object" as the furniture removers say, as its motto, borrowing as it goes. To stress the *Mikado* parallel the "Tit Willow" motif crops up later in one of the principal duets. Mr. Paul Abraham's score is sufficiently tuneful for us to assume that he and Sullivan are unacquainted. The cast is just as cosmopolitan as the rest of the play. Miss Margaret Carlisle, the Hungarian

vivacity. The only national to assume anything like his own nationality is Mr. Oskar Denes, a plump, broad-shouldered Hungarian comedian with an enormous smile, the personality and oddity of Tauber, the come-hither of Chevalier, and a few more ingratiating qualities besides. Mr. Denes (how do these strangers learn English so quickly?) sings his songs, in motor-ing parlance, with his foot "hard down." When he attacks the laughing, jazzy refrain of "Mausie," the sparks fly and fairly set the audience sizzling. When Mr. Denes laughs, sings at the same time, and punctuates both with a cascade of queer noises, as if several saxophones were concealed within his diaphragm, it would be a sad and sorry world that could not laugh with him. This irresistible comedian is a great discovery and the liveliest wire of a show in which charm and personality are unusually conspicuous. Mr. Roy Russell, a useful recruit from the Lyric, Ham-mersmith, is too stiff at present for this genre of operetta. Mr. Reginald Purcell is a likeable and amusing comedian who plays second fiddle with a light and unforced touch. Mr. Welchman, who does not appear in the last Act, took a call all to himself at the end and retired, I hope, with the knowledge that no one can play the romantic swashbuckler better than himself.

Mr. Laurence Irving's *mis-en-scène*, Mr. Ralph Reader's production, Mr. Franz Steininger and his orchestra, the chorus, the dresses, the scenery, and what-not are excessively O.K. But the premier awards belong to the catchiness and rhythm of the music, and Sir Alfred Butt's discernment as an importer of new talent. Yes, undoubtedly a "wow."

"TRINCULO."



VIKTORIA AND HER HUSSAR

A sombre pair. Miss Margaret Carlisle and Mr. Roy Russell debating the delicate question of broken vows



HIGH SPEED AND HIGH SPIRITS

One more impression of Miss Barbara Diu, as the Japanese bride, and Mr. Oskar Denes of the big smile and dynamic personality. The song is "Mama" and the time is prestissimo



"OLD HUNGARIAN CUSTOM"

The Mayor of Dorozsma (Mr. Clifford Heatherley) in gala mood



A CHEERFUL THREESOME

Miss Pamela Deuchar, Miss Eve Adams, daughter of Dr. P. H. Adams, and Miss Zara Deuchar, setting out on the daily round at North Berwick. Miss Zara Deuchar and her younger sister have both been presented, the latter this year and the former in 1930



WAITING TO START

A cousinly group consisting of Baron Pierre de Gunzbourg (centre), Baroness de Gunzbourg, and Baron Jean de Gunzbourg. Behind can be seen Ben Sayers, the North Berwick "pro" and a great character

LAST LOOKS AT NORTH BERWICK



MISS BAIRD AND THE HON. HENRY BROWNE

Miss Evelyn Baird is the eldest daughter of Major and Lady Hersey Baird and a niece of Lord Conyngnam. The Hon. Henry Browne, the younger son of Lord and Lady Kilmaine, comes of age next year



SIR DUNCAN AND LADY HAY

A member of the King's Bodyguard for Scotland and a Deputy-Lieutenant for his county, Sir Duncan Hay of Haystoun is a noted personality in Peeblesshire. He is also well known in the Solent, being a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron

Mrs. Leigh is the wife of Captain Gerard Leigh of Thorpe Satchville, near Melton. Lord Titchfield, like all parliamentarians, had his holiday cut short by the political crisis. He is one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury in the National Government

Photographs by Balmain



MRS. LEIGH AND LORD TITCHFIELD, M.P.

BANQUET TO A FARADAY GOLD MEDALLIST



AT THE DINNER TO COLONEL CROMPTON:
PROFESSOR A. E. KENELLY, U.S.A., MR. C. LE
MAISTRE, AND SENATORE PRINCIPE GINORI CONTI



COLONEL CROMPTON (THE GUEST OF HONOUR), MR. FRANK
PARKINSON, AND THE MARCHESE MARCONI



M. L. BRYLINSKI (FRANCE), SIR ARCHIBALD PAGE,
AND PROFESSOR C. FELDMAN



PROFESSOR LOMBARDI (ROME), SIR JOHN BROOKE
AND DR. A. F. ENSTROM

All these flash shots were taken at the banquet at the Savoy in honour of Colonel R. E. Crompton, the distinguished scientist, who is the Faraday Gold Medallist. Colonel Crompton's war service dates back to the Crimea, in which he served as a naval cadet and got the Sebastopol clasp to his medal. He was afterwards a captain in the Rifle Brigade, and served all through the South African War. Many very distinguished people from all over the world were present, as will be observed, and some of them, like the Marchese Marconi, are too well known to be in need of any introduction. Sir John Brooke again is Vice-Chairman of the Electricity Commission, and Dr. Enstrom is President of the International Electro-Technical Commission. Sir Archibald Page is Chief Engineer and Manager of the Central Electricity Board, and Lieut.-Colonel F. A. Cortez Leigh is the Electrical Engineer of the London Midland and Scottish Railway

Photographs by Sasha



MR. G. ZWEIGBERCK, LIEUT.-COLONEL F. A. CORTAZ LEIGH

Priscilla in Paris

hovering, with an air of pleased alacrity, on the threshold of their *buono retiro*, ready to pounce on the coats and hats of their patrons. The magpie garbed *maitres d'hôtel* wear the saddest expression and absent-mindedly allow the *commis* to steal, unchecked, the choicest table-flowers for bestowal on their young women. The pert little *chasseurs* hardly trouble to look up from their lurid novelettes when a taxi grinds up the street, so certain are they that it will NOT stop. A most depressing state of affairs and yet a somehow hopeful one. Now that we really seem to realize that "everything has got to be worse before it is better," there may be some hope for us in a not so very remote future. Meanwhile some of the theatres—such as the one I had just come from—are doing well, especially those that have reduced their prices. The Théâtre de l'Humeur is an essentially French show. The *chansonniers* sing wittily of the *crise*, of Mistinguett's age, of the Wet Summer, of the Plight of the Pound (sterling understood), of Taxation, of our glum-visaged (as opposed to smiling "Gastounet") President Doumer, who insists on defying all the laws of *le protocol* and wanders about the city unescorted; of Josephine Baker's dusky anatomy; and the little Revue that closes the entertainment is a small master-piece of Gallic humour . . . good humour, *rosse* no doubt, but not unkindly so.

At the Théâtre, Michel Robert Trébor has produced a daintily *risqué* comedy, *La Ligne du Cœur*, by a young new-comer, Claude-André Puget. His manner is reminiscent of both Nozière—our deeply-regretted Nozière—and Sacha Guitry, but he has "borrowed from" those two eminent play-wrights with such disarming candour that one can only smile at his impudence and enjoy his version of their smiling cynicism. Also he has the luck to be acted by some of the cleverest players on the Paris



MLLE. MIRIELLE PERREY

Walter Bird

An engaging visitor from across the Channel, with whom London is delighted to renew acquaintance, having met her first in "Sons o' Guns" at the Hippodrome. Mlle. Perrey is to play in "Henry the Ninth," a farcical comedy due for production at Prince's Theatre in mid-October

HERE we are, Trés Cher, in full swing again, the holidays a happy and almost misty dream of the past; and though my eyes still burn and long for sleep at an almost absurd hour, and my legs become cramped and tired in our over-heated (already) Paris theatres long before the curtain falls for the last time on first night productions, I simply dare not, for shame's sake, admit either the sleepiness, the tiredness, or the agonizing cramp . . . but neither for love nor the other thing have I yet consented to prolong my urban evenings into nights, and no supper haunt has yet captured me. As a matter of fact, the night life of Paris is practically *nil* just now, and what little there is, is remarkably dull. We are enjoying (?) the *crise* to its full extent, and no one has money to waste on bubbly liquid and club sandwiches. The other night I went to the Théâtre de l'Humeur, a most amusing and witty cabaret entertainment that begins, alas! at ten o'clock and finishes, alas! and again alas! at 1 a.m. Coming out into the astonishment of a warm and star-lit night, we elected to walk home, and as I passed by the publets I marked with one eye how the owl and the panther were NOT sharing pie! All the funny little *boîtes* of the rue Pigalle yawned empty behind their open doors and windows, as still and silent as the out-houses of the Sleeping Beauty's castle.

There are signs of economy everywhere. The flashing electric signs flash less frequently. The Ladies of the Lav are all knitting socks in their little cubby holes instead of



MLLE. MARCELLE ROGEZ

Dorothy Wilding

Well known on the French stage, Mlle. Rogez has signed a contract to appear in several films in this country, and has a leading part in the recently-completed "Money for Nothing," made at Elstree. In private life she is Mrs. Fulton

stage: Pierre Fresnay and Hélène Perdrière—who have had the courage to escape from the stultifying bondage of the Comédie Française—by Alerma, one of Sacha Guitry's favourite actors; and by that beautiful young creature, Madeleine Lambert. Sacha, by the way, has been resting at Versailles (or maybe Fontainebleau, I forget). Not because he does not want to act or really needs a rest, but because he considers it undignified to appear in Paris before October! By the time you receive this, however, he and his enchanting wife will be playing again at the Madeleine in the continued-from-our-last revival of *Faisons un Rêve*, followed (or preceded) on the programme by a short musical play that Sacha has written around two songs by one who appears to be an unknown composer, Jean Schwarzendorf. Sacha hopes to puzzle the critics, but I unkindly intend to give him away by stating the fact, which came to my knowledge by a mere chance, that Schwarzendorf is the real name of Martini, the German composer who lived in the eighteenth century, and whose name has come down to posterity on the strength of his famous romance: "Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un instant . . ." And that, Sacha, my dear, is that!

* * *

At the Casino de Paris, Miss Lulu Gould has replaced Josephine Baker—pending a new revue in which Mistinguett is due to appear this autumn. Josephine, who has been playing without a single holiday for more than a year, starts after a much-needed rest on a European tour that, I believe, includes London. I think you, the few of you who have not already seen her in Paris, will love her, for she is a very seductive little witch. She has worked tremendously hard at her job and is now the cleverest revue actress, dancer, and singer of whom I can think. A novel has recently been published, "Mon sang dans tes veines," written by M. de la Camara and Pepito Abatino (Josephine's husband), founded on a story due to Josephine herself—a pathetic and readable tale. The Colonial Exhibition still holds its own, though, as you can imagine, the slump of the pound has almost emptied Paris of its English visitors. I was seeing some friends off at the Gare St. Lazare only this morning. Two boat-trains were leaving where one usually suffices at this time of the year when the returning-to-school rush is well over.



MLLE. MEG LEMONNIER

A Parisian stage star, now busy making talking films for Paramount at their studio at Joinville. Mlle. Lemonnier was wonderfully good in "Rien que la Vérité," one of her quite recent pictures



MLLE. MAUD GARDEN

Lorelle

A young feature of French films, who bears a marked resemblance to Greta Garbo. This is, naturally, a distinct asset

There was—or I rather think there was—a furrow of anxiety on every British brow. For in England, also, things will have to be worse before they can be better, though goodness knows they are bad enough as it is! But it is of my friends I want to write, and not of the financial perplexities that are so tormenting a subject for discussion—and disagreement just now. Imagine, *Très Cher!* "She" is a childhood and school-days' friend whom I had not seen for . . . (hush! let me whisper it) over twenty years (and I am not going to say how much over!). We were inseparables until College on her part, and Life (with an atrociously big "L") on mine interfered, and we went our various ways. To find her once more, together with the very husband I could have dreamed of for her and an eleven-year-old and most attractive son, was one of those rare joys that sometimes occur in this strange old world.—PRISCILLA.

FAR NORTH AND FAR SOUTH



AT SIR ALBERT AND LADY WHITAKER'S SHOOT AT AUCHNAFREE

Auchnafree, where Lieut.-Colonel Sir Albert and Lady Whitaker gave this week-end party shoot, is near Dunkeld in Perthshire, one of the most beautiful parts of the Highlands. Sir Albert Whitaker's other seat is Babworth Hall, Retford, Notts, and he is Colonel of the Notts Yeomanry. His original regiment was the 5th Northumberland Fusiliers, and his war service dates back to the Afghan Campaign of 1879-80—Lord Roberts' famous operation. In this group, left to right, are: In front—the Earl of Liverpool, Lieut.-Colonel Sir Albert Whitaker, the Countess of Liverpool, Mr. James Whitaker, Mrs. J. A. G. Whitaker, Major-General E. J. Phipps-Hornby, V.C., and Mrs. Phipps-Hornby; back—Major Leese, Lady Whitaker, Brig.-General W. Darell, Major J. A. C. Whitaker, Sir Albert Whitaker's son, who is in the Coldstream, Mr. T. Whitaker, and Mr. T. Lemon



NO SNAPPING, PLEASE: THE HON. RICHARD BEAUMONT AND A SERPENTINE SWAN

SWANSE

By the looks of things the gentleman on the left may soon be deprived of his Lido, for what with wolves in the Apennines and all the prophets certain that we are in for a hard winter, in more ways than one, the swans and all the other fowl will have every chance of a bit of ice-skating. The Hon. Richard Beaumont is the second of Lord and Lady Allendale's three little sons, and was born in 1926



THE RIGHT HON. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

According to Autori

A Mussolinian impression of the Leader of the Liberal Party, whose enforced absence from the House of Commons owing to illness is something of a calamity at this time of stress. Maybe a faint echo of his Limehouse "blues" still lingers in some aristocratic ears, but his steering of the ship of State in far stormier days than these is not forgotten. Mr. Lloyd George was born in 1863. He has been Member for Carnarvon Boroughs for forty-one years, and first attained ministerial rank when he became President of the Board of Trade



PASSAGE I

By Webb



S. OMBRES

Murray



A Witch
with her
broom

and

PLAYER'S

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N.C.C.42.

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AT A FAMOUS RESTAURANT



MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE, MR. TERENCE PHILIP AND (behind) SIR ERIC HAMBRO



MR. R. CHURCHILL, LADY MELCHETT AND MR. E. JAMES



MR. OLIVER MESSEL AND MRS. ARMSTRONG-JONES



LORD CASTLEROSSE, THE HON. MRS. BAILLIE-HAMILTON, AND THE HON. CHARLES BAILLIE-HAMILTON

When Quaglino's re-opened with a gala night, the new decorations by the Marquis de Casa Maury were duly admired, and approval was also signalled of the various enlargements effected. Many notabilities were on view. Miss Gertrude Lawrence, straight from the Haymarket Theatre, was acknowledging salutations in all directions, and appeared to be in capital spirits. Sir Eric Hambro was, however, taking a serious view of the situation when he faced the flashlight. He is concerned with many business undertakings, and is chairman of Hambro's Bank. Lady Melchett's party included Mr. Churchill's clever son, Mr. Randolph Churchill, back from gaining journalistic experience in Germany, and Mr. Edward James. The latter has since left for New York, where his wife, Tilly Losch, is making a great hit. No one looked prettier than Mrs. Ronald Armstrong-Jones, who had her brother, Mr. Oliver Messel, in support. Lord Castlerosse, not long returned from Canada, was with the Member for Bath, and Mrs. Baillie-Hamilton, and another noted chronicler of social doings was present in the person of Lord Donegall

Photographs by Sasha



MR. ERIC HATRY, MRS. STEWART BROWN, AND LORD DONEGALL

Pictures in the Fire : "SABRETACHE"

By

"SABRETACHE"

The interpretation of the air-raid dream which I recorded in the last issue of this noble paper is "Blue Vision." This, surely, is sticking out several yards—and the race of course is the Cesarewitch! I do not recognize the necessity for thinking that it can refer to any other blue vision, for being a flaming optimist I am convinced that, now that we have seen the folly of turning the other cheek and letting every nation on earth play the cat and banjo with us, there is any reason to think of anything but blue skies—however murky things may look at the moment. Blue Vision with a Noble Star in the sky seem to me to be the ingredients which may collect for us some of the income tax we have got to stump up. Anyway, I cannot think of any other interpretation of that very gory dream, which, all the same, was far too realistic to be pleasant! Dreams always go contrariwise, so it must have been a direct tip for the Cesarewitch.

The following further sums have been sent to me for the Old War Horse (Egypt) Fund which Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke has organized, and have been sent on to Lloyds Bank, Fleet, Hants, where this account is still being kept open, though Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke herself went back to Cairo on September 25:

	£	s.	d.
Per Mrs. Wilfred Holden,			
Bromson Hall, Leamington	33	10	0
Anonymous (Dumfries) -	0	10	0

One of the people who has contributed and has seen the actual photographs of these unfortunate horses which are being rescued and given the death to which gallant service to their country entitles them, writes:

How perfectly ghastly. I should have thought every Master of hounds in the country should have this pamphlet to distribute to every member of their hunt, and wipe out this disgrace in a day.

I don't hunt now, but here is £5 5s., with all my best wishes for your success.

I feel certain that every Master of hounds in the British Isles, if he saw the pamphlet to which this letter refers, would need no second bidding. Some of the photographs, and by no means the worst of them, were published in these notes not long ago. This was done not with any idea of harrowing people's feelings; but to let



CELEBRITIES AT THE MAIDENHEAD FISHERY CLUB

Arthur Owen

The Marchioness of Milford Haven, formerly the Countess Nada de Torby; Lady Tatiana Mountbatten, her little daughter; the Marquess of Milford Haven; Prince Philip of Greece; the Dowager-Marchioness of Milford Haven, the mother of the present peer, and who is the daughter of the late Grand Duke Louis IV of Hesse and of the late Princess Alice of Great Britain; and Count de Torby, who is the brother of the Marchioness of Milford Haven and of Lady Zia Wernher

late riding-master to the Doge of Venice, the public is all for adding to the theory of things with as little practice as possible, I feel it in my bones that the B.B.C. will be on to something like this like a shot. We shall hear something about: "First General News Bulletin, copyright reserved Press Association Central News and Reuter—we are now taking you back to Gaddesby, and soon you will hear the yelping of the dogs, the squeaking of the fox, and the hunting calls of the huntsmen, also the taint of the hunting bugle. The scene will be accurately described by our Mr. Bluenose, the famous fox-hunting descriptive writer, who follows the hunt also on a motor-bike, and those who listen attentively will be able (no doubt) to hear the thud on the ground of the stumbling horses throwing their riders at the hurdles. The encouraging yells of the large audience in the charabancs and motor-cars, which in these times are such a fascinating feature of the foxhunt, can also be heard. Mr. Bluenose is now doing a steep bank over the famous wood, which he reports to be very full of the vermin; in fact, as you will hear from his own lips very soon, there are almost as many foxes as there are dogs, and quite easily it may be that the position may be reversed, namely, that the foxes will hunt the huntsmen and huntswomen instead of *vice versa*. Now our representative will give you his running commentary, for the sound of the chief huntsman's horn proclaims that the 'chase is in full swing and the hounds, having been soundly whipped into covert, are in full cry over the meadow! Mr. Bluenose!"

(Continued on p. xxii)



IN PERTSHIRE: MISS ANGELA AND MISS ROSAMOND VILLIERS

A snapshot at Edinample Castle, Perthshire, which is rented by Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Mayer. Miss Angela and Miss Rosamond Villiers are the daughters of Lieut.-Colonel C. H. and Lady Victoria Villiers, who is a sister of the Duke of Roxburghe. Colonel Villiers was formerly in the Blues

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Cantilever Shoes



MISS ANNE GREY

A young actress of promise who plays in the Gainsborough-British-Lion The talkie version of Edgar Wallace's racing thriller, "The Calendar." The production is on a vast scale, and the Ascot scenes very realistic

A TRAMP knocked at the door of a house and asked if he could be given any clothes. The woman who opened the door replied that she had no clothes which would be of any use to him, but that if he went round to the back he might see what her husband could give him. The tramp was away a long time, and when he returned he said: "I could only find a Chinaman there."

"Oh, yes, that's my husband," replied the woman. The tramp looked rather surprised, and she added: "But that's nothing—the woman next door married a Scotsman!"

* * *

Sandy was changing his boarding-house, and when he arrived at the new one the landlady showed him to his room.

"There you are, sir," she said, proudly, "that's your room."

"Looks comfortable," said Sandy.

"Yes, sir," went on the woman, "most people admit I've made them comfortable here. I've always had a gift for doing that."

"Is that so?" asked Sandy, doubtfully. "Weel, ye needna' expect one frae me."

* * *

He was using language far in advance of his years, and the dear old lady felt she ought to do something about it.

"Do you know what becomes of little boys who use bad words when they are playing marbles?" she asked, severely.

"Yes, mum, they grow up and play golf," was the retort.

* * *

In the course of a sensational film, the villain, after a desperate run, had reached the railway bridge.

"What's he going to do now?" whispered a small child to his mother.

"He's going to blow up the bridge," was the reply.

"But, mother," protested the boy, "he can't do it; he's out of breath already!"

* * *

The visitor to the small travelling circus found two of its junior members weeping bitterly.

"What's the matter?" he inquired kindly of the boys.

"The elephant's dead," they sobbed.

The man was touched. "Did you love the big animal so dearly, then?"

"Love him, nothin'," said the elder of the two; "the boss has just told us we've got to dig his grave!"

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

The poor old invalid had had a terrible morning. He was unable to walk, and had engaged a man to pull him about in an invalid's chair. Twice they had nearly been crushed under a tramcar, and once the chair-man had almost dropped his charge into a river. They halted at the top of a very steep hill. At first the invalid welcomed the halt. But at last he began to get restless.

"Why are you stopping here?" he asked nervously.

"It's all right, guv'nor," the attendant replied. "I'm only waiting for my pal with another old gent. We're going to 'ave a race down the 'ill."

* * *

An old coloured woman came to the magistrate of the district, and asked for her husband to be released from prison.

"What is he in prison for?" asked the magistrate.

"Stealin' a ham."

"Did he steal it?"

"No, sah, course not."

"Is he good to you?"

"No, sah."

"Then why do you want him pardoned?"

"Because, yo' honoh, we's plumb out of ham ag'in."

* * *

Bobby had been sent to the vicar with his mother's contribution towards the harvest festival.

"Thank you very much," said the vicar, as he took the gift.

"Will you please thank your mother and say I will call tomorrow and thank her personally for the ten beautiful apples?"

"P-please, sir," stammered Tommy, "would you m-mind

thanking her for twelve?"

* * *

A man brought a friend home to dinner, and amongst the vegetables served were boiled onions. The friend, wishing to say something to please his hostess, exclaimed, "If there's one thing I like more than another, it is oiled bunions!"

* * *

An out-of-work navy turned upon the chance of getting something to do.

"Anything doing in the way of a job, boss?" he asked.

"Yes," answered the foreman, "you can start to-morrow. Don't forget to bring your cards."

"All right, boss," said the navy, moving away. "I might as well bring my dart-board as well."



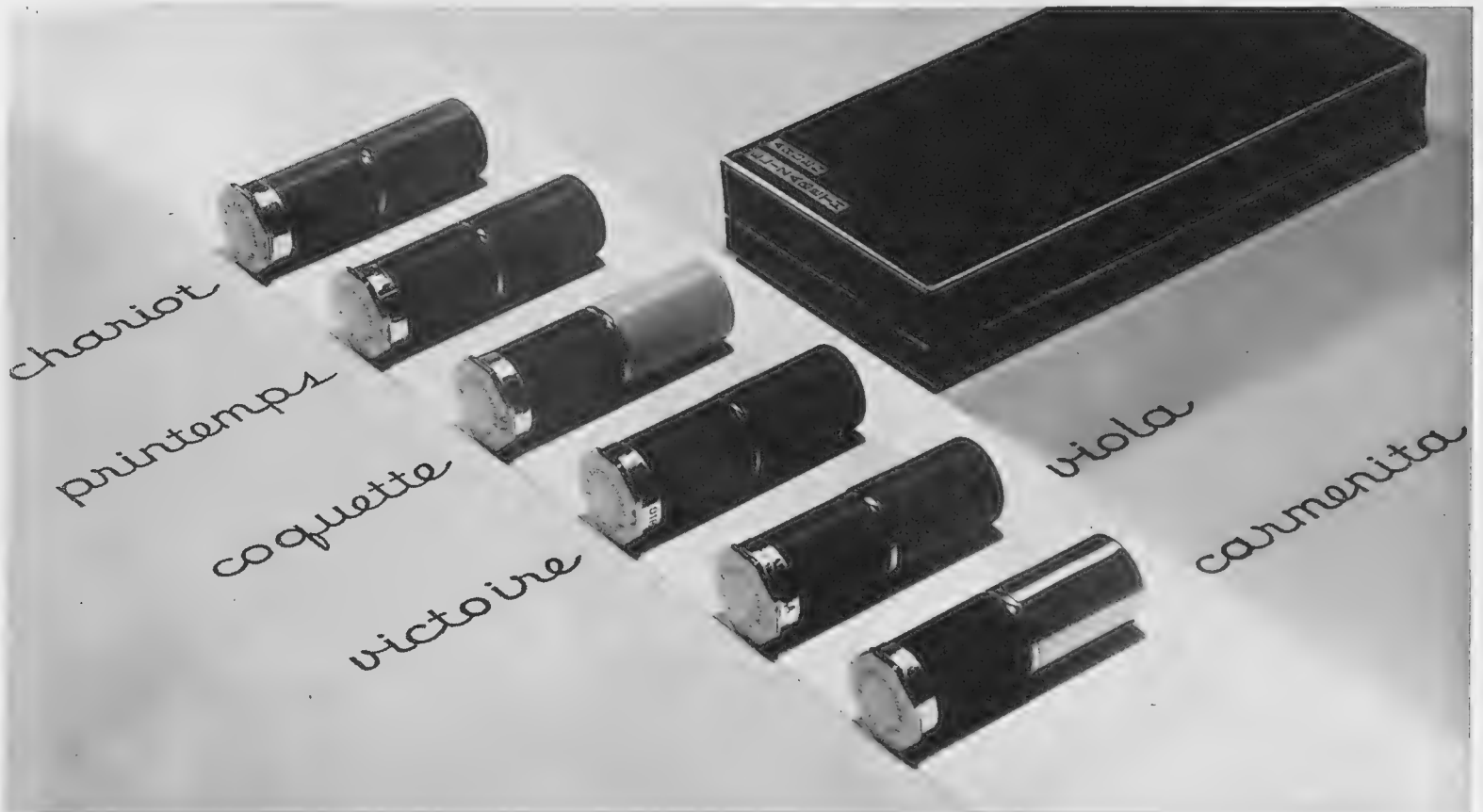
MADAME ASSIA DE GOGUEL

Giving a hint to would-be economy campaigners by looking charming in a frock made out of brown paper. Madame de Goguel is very well known in the Russian colony in London, and is a sister-in-law of M. Sabline, the last Chargé d'Affaires at the Russian Embassy under the Imperial régime

ELIZABETH ARDEN

PRESENTS

a wardrobe for well-dressed lips



Flowers fascinate by their eternal variety. Woman's beauty, too, can vary! She can wear colours she never wore before ... and wear them successfully, merely by changing her make-up to blend with her gown • Miss Arden's new lipstick Ensemble, with its six pencils in six charming shades, is of invaluable assistance in accomplishing this fascinating task • The lipsticks themselves...petal-smooth, a delight to apply, really indelible, tinted to harmonise with every colour gown and accent every mood ...constitute one of Miss Arden's most important achievements • You will adore the attractive box of six, because it is a complete wardrobe for your lips and will dress them to blend with every costume and occasion. You may buy the lipsticks individually, if you prefer

These are the new Arden Lipstick shades — and costume colours they enhance:

CHARIOT (Lacquer red case)—Rich flame...a very youthful colour. Good with costumes of green, woody brown, black and flame colour

PRINTEMPS (Fern-green case)—Designed by Miss Arden to contribute to the success of pastel frocks, and also to wear with cool greens and blues. It can be worn with black and white as well as with other shades

VICTOIRE (All black case)—Triumphant with black! It is becoming to both blondes and brunettes

COQUETTE (Black case with oyster white top)—A deep red, with raspberry, winey tones. A dashing touch for the woman who likes a definite make-up

VIOLA (Blue case)—Perfect for wear with blue because there is a hint of violet in it. It seems to make the skin whiter and the eyes more shadowy

CARMENITA (Black case with silver top)—Darker than Viola, and more likely to be the choice of brunettes, who will wear it with most dark colours

•Elizabeth Arden Lipstick Ensemble...six lipsticks in six different shades, 32/6 ... Each lipstick, 6/6

ELIZABETH
ARDEN

London 25 Old Bond Street W1

Elizabeth Arden Ltd

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AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

Flying on the Ground.

AMATEUR flyers often complain that they are precluded from rivalling professional pilots in skill because they have neither the time nor the money to do as much flying as the professional. I think that this belief that flying skill varies directly as the number of hours flown is ill-founded. The skill of a pilot often has little to do with the number of hours he flies every year, and the worship of hours flown can be and is being carried too far. From America, the land of infinities, of the chronically Akronic, comes the news of some pilot with 20,000 hours to his credit. But are they to his credit? That depends upon how he has used them. For the pilot who flies much and thinks little will never attain to the proficiency of the pilot who flies little and thinks much. In order to attain to a high degree of flying skill, the pilot must think aeronautically. When on his way to the office in the morning he must not dream, or even allow a newspaper—that typographical life-preserver—to knock his consciousness unconscious. Instead he must look about and think aeronautically. On what compass bearing is the car or train or boat? Where is the wind? What is its strength? Those are some of the things that should preoccupy him during travelling, and should not be far from his thoughts even when he is at rest. The only marked difference between the experienced cross-country pilot and the inexperienced is that the one, through having kept these matters in his mind for long periods, has acquired the habit of keeping them in mind without effort.

The orientation of the compass rose, and the wind direction and approximate strength must always be known. And they are things which the pilot can teach himself to observe on the ground as well as in the air. A pilot, amateur or professional, sitting in his office, asked to point to the north and being unable to do so, would show that he had not the true flair for cross-country flying. Know at all times

learn flying. Fly on the ground, when you are motoring or going by train, when you are dining or in your bath. Look out of the train window. Can you land in that field? How will you approach? Where touch? Where is the wind? What is its strength? Implement your air-work with ground-work at all times and in all places.

An All-Women's Meeting.

Miss Olney is to be congratulated upon the All-Women's Flying Meeting at Sywell, Northampton. The Duchess of Bedford opened the event, and the starting-pistol, as it were, was fired by Miss Tyzack, who performed the bouquet-dropping act. The Ladies' Race was won by Miss Slade of Airwork, with Mrs. Victor Bruce a close second, and Miss Joan Page third. The machines were a Moth, a Bluebird, and a Redwing. Looking at the aerodrome at the time of the meeting from a respectful distance, one finds it hard to sum up one's reactions to this meeting. Apart from the admirable efforts of the organizers, is it likely that women's meetings will continue? Shall we frequently see the tweeded and the trousered taking possession of aerodromes in the future? It seems to me that the experiment was a success and that there will certainly be further women's meetings. If so, we may at least hope that the weather will be kinder to them.

It seems that in next year's programme of aeronautical events at least one all-women's meeting will be included. In addition, it

(Continued on p. xx)



IN TOKIO: COLONEL AND MRS. CHARLES LINDBERGH, MRS. YAMMAMOTO, AND DR. R. B. TEUSLER

A pleasing group taken at the Tokio Hospital, which Colonel and Mrs. Charles Lindbergh visited after having flown the Pacific by what they called easy stages. Mrs. Yamamoto is reported to have said on this occasion that she hoped her son would grow up to be "as great an eagle" as Colonel Lindbergh

where the north is when you are motoring, going by boat or by train, when you are at your office or in bed. If you desire to have cross-country flying in your bones you must be able to answer accurately and instantly the question, Where is the north?

The walker in the city streets resembles in some way the high-flying airman in that he cannot feel directly the wind direction and strength; he must infer them from observation. The pilot who is keen can do much, while walking in city streets, to train himself in estimating wind direction and strength from the smoke from chimneys and the speed and direction of the clouds. And he will find that his flying experience counts as double the hours flown when it is prepared in this manner. The aerodrome is not the only place to



MR. E. C. BOWYER

A snapshot taken at a London aerodrome recently of Mr. E. C. Bowyer, of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors. It is said that Mr. Bowyer can give from memory the performance figures of any modern British Service aircraft



SIR CHARLES LAMBE

Air Vice-Marshal Sir Charles Lambe, who is retiring after a distinguished career which included the great days of the Royal Naval Air Service and that difficult air work on the Belgian front. Sir Charles has been in charge of the Coastal Area and is one of the most popular officers in the higher command



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G.E. 158

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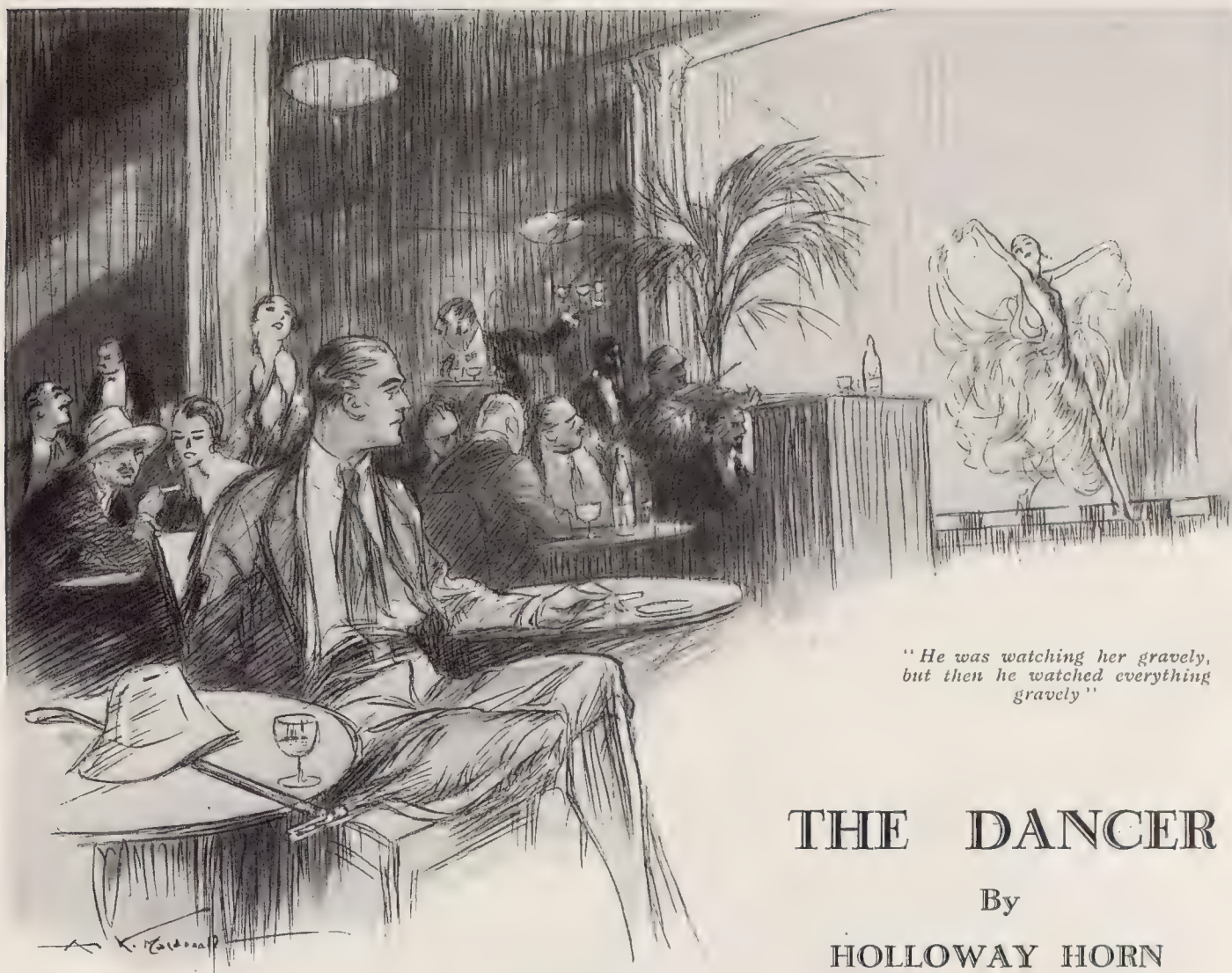
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Every Humber owner should make a point of reading "Modern Motoring." Price 4d. monthly, from all bookstalls. 6/6 per annum, post free



"He was watching her gravely,
but then he watched everything
gravely"

THE DANCER

By

HOLLOWAY HORN

FERGUSON and I were the only passengers on the ancient steamer trading between Manila and Surabaya. I had never met him before, nor have I since. Indeed, I know very little about him, but I fancy that if any of the yarns he spun, as we sat together in the alcove beneath the bridge, were true, it is likely to be the one he told when we were within an hour or so of Surabaya and the end of our journey.

The quiet, monotonous throb of the engines was soothing; the night and the sea were still. It was nearly midnight, and for some time we had been sitting in silence. The only thing I could see of him was the glowing end of his cheroot.

"I haven't been in Surabaya for years," he said, suddenly, and went on as if the two things were connected: "Did I tell you the story of Anthony Cunliffe and the dancer who called herself Lolita?"

"No," I said. "Go ahead."

Ferguson, however, remained silent for an appreciable time before he started: "It happened years ago, in a place up the coast called Maos—a foul hole, if ever there was one. Anthony Cunliffe was a mining engineer. When I met him first he was a kid just out from England. A nice kid, but he should have stayed in England. I don't suppose that he was more than twenty-five. And amazingly good-looking!

"I was sorry for St. Anthony—naturally we called him that at once. I've seen a lot of boys come out East in my time and watched the spruceness and the clean-shaven look gradually leave them. But St. Anthony kept it up. He used to write long letters home each mail, and never drank or gambled. And he held his job down firmly. Used to read a deuce of a lot. I've never known a chap read as much as he did. Always at it. Solid, heavy stuff.

"I liked the kid tremendously, but I'm afraid he was a bit out of the crowd in Maos; in those days they were a tough lot. At the beginning some of them were inclined to laugh at him, but he wasn't the kind of chap you *could* laugh at—openly. He was a big, powerful fellow, for one thing. Seemed to have no

use for women at all; the things which we accepted as part of the day's work disgusted him. He used to talk about the prestige and dignity of the white man and so on. It got rather tiring after a bit, as you can imagine, but, as I say, he carried it off, and after a few months he'd established himself and lived his peculiar, rather lonely life in his own way, quite indifferent to what anybody said or thought. And it wants a bit of doing in a place like Maos, which isn't exactly Twickenham or Cheltenham, say.

"Some of them—I admit I was among them—wondered how long it was going to last. After all, he was a man, and the climate isn't one that suffers St. Anthonys kindly. There was a café in the town—café is as good a description as anything else, although there *are* other names which would be more accurate. It was run by an Armenian called Arnst. You know the sort of place, of course. Piano, a drunken fiddler, dingy palms, a long American bar with stacks of bottles filled with liquids of every colour under the sun; very dimly-lit in the corners. It wouldn't have been open twenty-four hours in a reasonably civilized country, but no one bothered about it in Maos. And, rotten as it was, it was the centre of what social life there was in the place.

"St. Anthony used to go in there sometimes. He would drink coffee and watch the crowd. At first, the girls used to try to get off with him, of course, but after a bit they left him alone. I remember one of them used to sit and just look at the kid with a queer, far-away expression in her eyes. Probably she recognized something in him which she had lost for ever. Funny people, women. They're never *all* bad. Never. That's the most peculiar thing about them, and the one thing I'm sure of.

"And then one evening Lolita came along.

"She called herself an Italian, but I should think she was a Greek—possibly both. She was a dancer. She wasn't one of regular girls attached to the café. Every month or so, Arnst would produce someone like her—a dancer or a singer—and she would stay for several weeks, doing half-a-dozen turns through the evening.

(Continued overleaf)

"She might have been thirty . . . you can't tell with girls like Lolita. She was beautiful, in a dark way, but her looks were on the wane. Beauty doesn't last long, anyway, if one is a dancer in the cafés along the Java coast. Her skin was the colour of old ivory, her hair jet black, and parted like a knife in the middle. She wore green jade earrings, I remember.

"I happened to be there the night she appeared for the first time. That girl *could* dance. Lithe and sinuous, the appeal she made was direct and unmistakable. I'm not squeamish, but she really was about the most provocative young person I've come up against. Arnst was watching her with his fat, oily smile. This meant good business for Mr. Arnst. After her dance I noticed that she was with a group of American sailors. She seemed to be drinking as much as they did, and judging from the howls of laughter, was in real good form. A big success, in short.

"But the Yanks had no chance when old Azulay came into the café. He was the greasiest dago I've ever struck, and the biggest merchant in that part of Java. He was reputed to be more or less a millionaire, and was certainly a fair old rip. I saw him go through the café to a private room at the back. Arnst came out a bit later, and I fancy that he dropped a word to Lolita. A few minutes after there was an uproar at the table occupied by the sailors, but Lolita knew how to manage them. Anyway, she slipped away, and the café saw her no more that night. Arnst was very apologetic to the sailors. He explained to them, with shrugs, that the lady was a free agent and had gone. She was tired, doubtless. She would be there again the following evening. If the American gentlemen honoured him again.

"I thought for awhile it would be a rough house, but Arnst, like Lolita, was skilled in handling half-drunken men, and succeeded in quietening them. After all, Lolita wasn't the only pebble on the beach, as Arnst pointed out to his patrons.

"I didn't go into the café for several evenings after that, but when I did go I was surprised to find that Lolita was putting up a quite different show. She was far more restrained, if you see what I mean. So much so that I imagined she must have been three sheets in the wind when I saw her first. The real reason for the change didn't dawn on me, although I did notice that Cunliffe—St. Anthony—was in the Café. He was watching her gravely, but then he watched everything gravely.

"It was later, when I was strolling back to my bungalow with one of the boys, that I heard what had happened.

"'Funny about St. Anthony,' he said, and I asked him what he meant.

"'Lolita,' he replied, and seemed surprised that I didn't know.

"'Bosh,' I said, and if anything in the world did seem bosh it was the association of St. Anthony's name with Lolita, particularly after the Azulay episode.

"'Fact,' he insisted. 'He's fallen for her right off the deep end.'

"And he had. The chap was in love with her."

Ferguson threw the stump of his cheroot into the sea and lit another before he continued:

"Of course it *had* its funny side. Everybody in Maos grinned about it—when St. Anthony wasn't there. Everybody, that is, excepting Arnst, who was furious. Lolita in her new mood—chaste and restrained and virginal—wasn't two penn'orth of use to the café. He wanted the Lolita of the first night, not a plaster saint. Apparently, after that night, she had told Azulay, the most valuable customer of the establishment, to go to the devil.

"But if Arnst couldn't see the joke everybody else could. The idea of Lolita playing up to St. Anthony was good enough, but

the real interest was in St. Anthony's response. He was the only man in Maos who was under any illusion about the dancer. She wasn't quite as easy as the girls attached to the café, but it was only a matter of degree; yet St. Anthony couldn't have treated her with greater respect if she had been the vicar's daughter—or, indeed, the vicar's wife—in an English village. I don't suppose that Lolita had been treated with respect by a man for quite a considerable time.

"She had three weeks and the odds were heavily against St. Anthony. Platonic love is all very well in certain circumstances, but it doesn't work with a girl like Lolita, or in a place like Maos.

"The joke took on a more serious aspect—at least, from my point of view—when it became known that St. Anthony was going to marry the girl. We all liked him, and you can imagine our feelings when we realized that he was serious. I should say that he was just about the one man in Java who was capable of such an incredible piece of unnecessary idiocy.

"It wouldn't have been so difficult if you could have talked to the kid, if you could have told him the truth, I mean. But there was a sort of terrifying innocence about him. I did my best one evening when he had dropped in at my bungalow.

"'I suppose you've heard I'm getting married?' he said, every bit as calmly as if he were speaking of an ordinary English girl.

"'Yes,' I said, as casually as I was able. 'I did hear something about it.'

"'She has been faced with appalling difficulties and dangers all her life,' he told me, after a rather awkward silence.

"'So I gathered,' I replied and then I went on: 'Your father's a country doctor, isn't he?'

"He nodded, and I skated on over the thin ice: 'Do you think Lolita would "mix" with the society in an English county town? I'm not criticising or advising you, but there *is* that point of view.'

"'Why not?' he demanded, fiercely, and I either had to tell him the truth, or shut up. And the truth wouldn't have done any good. It would have meant a first-class row, which would only have made matters worse, and probably left him more stubbornly determined to go through with the affair. So I said nothing.

"'At bottom she's a good woman,' he said, after another and even more awkward silence. 'She's never had a chance.

I'm going to give her one.'

"You couldn't mistake the stubbornness in his tone. He really meant to marry her. It was all very noble, of course, but, to a man of the world, sheer, crass lunacy. However, as I have said, St. Anthony was one of those people you can't argue with; he lived in a sort of self-contained world. And I must confess that Lolita's conduct in Maos fitted in with what he said about her amazingly well. She never looked at another man, never drank. I tell you that dirty little dago, Arnst, was almost puce with anger; Azulay simply couldn't understand it!

"One man, braver than I, did try to show St. Anthony what he was doing, and all he got for his pains was a punch on the point of the jaw that knocked him nearly into next week. After that, we just watched the thing develop.

"Lolita had been in Maos about a fortnight when the end came. One evening she wasn't at the café. There was no warning, not even to Arnst. He didn't mind, as the reformed Lolita was about as much use to him as a case of wax fruit would be in hell. Next morning we learnt what had happened. She had bolted . . . not with St. Anthony, but with the fat dago, Azulay. Speaking for myself, I was darned glad.

(Continued on p. xxvi)

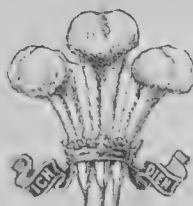


MISS BETTY LYNNE

Pearl Freeman

Whose rendering of the minor part of "Anna," the tired chambermaid in "Grand Hotel," is full of deft touches which augur well for her stage future. Miss Lynne won the Bancroft Gold Medal at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art

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Petrol Vapour

By W. G. ASTON

More New Stuff.

THE great Olympia Show—but not I fear, for one reason and another, quite so great as formerly—now closely approaches; and it becomes evident that the actors in the annual “drama” (I borrow here from the daily papers) have largely stolen their own thunder. I would not make a bet upon it even now, but I more than fancy that all the surprise packets, of any importance that is, have already been sprung. One of the last to be touched off is the programme of Armstrong-Siddeley. In this I am naturally interested more than usual, for I have, with great delight, been driving a 20-h.p. saloon of that ilk for the last twelve months, and eighteen thousand miles of all-round better motoring I would not ask for. And yet, if I did, it seems that I could have it at command; for there is a new 20-h.p. model which, unless I am very much mistaken, is going to make a very notable mark for itself in the class of modest-priced luxury vehicles this coming year. They have lowered it both in appearance and in the position of the C.G. They have given it extremely smart but still characteristic lines (I confess that I do love a car that bravely flaunts its individuality). They have equipped it with radiator shutters, new steering, coil ignition, a vibration damper, a longer-stroke engine of greater liveliness, Bendix enclosed cable brakes, a most dinky instrument board, and, last but not least, a really properly built-in luggage carrier that is practically invisible when out of use. In its coach-built saloon form the standard 20-h.p. Armstrong will come at £525—which I do not hesitate to say is a strikingly low figure—whilst as a sports type of four-light saloon, with a few extra luxuries, it will be £575. From my own experience I look to these to be, in their special class, “best sellers,” for admirable as the 1931 20-h.p. was (and is, I may tell you), the new one is demonstrably superior in all aspects of performance, particularly acceleration, for I understand they have shoved a heap more horse-power under the bonnet. The next item of note is concerned with the 12-h.p. (a six, like all the Armstrong-Siddeley models). In its latest or most highly developed form it has a vee radiator, the 4-speed, self-changing gear of course, and numerous other luxuries. I wonder what we should have thought three years ago if such a car had been ushered into Olympia. There would have been a bigger bust up of com-



AT CHARLTON: LADY ELEANOR SMITH WITH A MARE AND FOAL

A quite charming and very lucky snapshot in a field at Charlton, which is near Banbury. Lady Eleanor Smith, who is the elder daughter of the late Lord Birkenhead, has won renown as an authoress and has obviously inherited her father's talent

parative values than has been occasioned by the departure from the gold standard. According to some thoroughly untrustworthy authorities, that looks like making us all immensely rich, but I am glad to see that Armstrong-Siddeley are prepared for the cat to jump the other way. In their new Economy Saloon they offer a 6-cylinder Twelve, with self-changing gear and all the latest improvements, at £260. There is no skimping, or any of that sort of nonsense about it; its low cost is simply due to years of steady production. I can testify that there is no more conscientiously built light car obtainable. An honest-to-Providence, take-anything-that-comes-along, sturdy, stick-to-it British job which has a destiny, unless I am much in error, far beyond the limits of these islands. I write so enthusiastically of these Armstrong-Siddeley products that you might well think that I was biased in their favour. And, frankly, so I am, biased by joyous and care-free experience, better than which I have never known in thirty-two years of motoring. Lord! how those words make me feel old!

* * *

More Comfort.

Sir William Morris has made a bold gesture in the design of his new Wolseley Hornet, the effect of which is more than likely to have what the politicians call “repercussions.” It is a long time since a car-constructor announced in unmistakable terms that he put the quality of physical comfort first of all in the list of *desiderata*, and in doing so was prepared to break fresh ground. In the commercial vehicle world the putting forward of the power-plant so that the radiator left its usual position just over the front axle is no new thing—there are plenty of chassis with the whole engine ahead of the axle—but it is a novelty in touring-car design, and only shows what slaves we have been to fashion in the past. The new scheme as exploited in the Hornet has, so far as I can see, no objections to be maintained on any logical ground. On the contrary, it has the benefit that, under normal conditions, the distribution of weight will be better than would otherwise be possible. In the past, whereas it has been unpleasantly obvious that many big motor-cars were quite terribly “nose-heavy,” some of the lightest (but none the less lively) little cheerioh-chariots have been inclined to be a trifle nose-light. Thus pushing the power-plant a few inches ahead has resulted not only in greater road-stability, but also (what is not to be despised) in more leg-room. This is a very welcome change which I hope will have a wide influence, for although things are now very much better than they were, there are still a few car-designers who believe that any patron of a low-priced car (together with all his potential passengers) must have a stature proportional to the depth of his pocket. In my own person I can readily establish the utter fallacy of these hypotheses, for I measure .6 ft. 3½ in. in my socks, whereas . . . Oh, let us depart from these painful subjects!

(Continued on p. xx)



THE WINNER OF THE EXMOOR DERBY

C. Pincombe on “Pearl,” who won the Exmoor Derby. This makes a hat trick for the jockey, as he has now ridden the winner for the third year in succession

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting “The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News” every Friday

"Investigate Before You Invest!"

DO YOU REALISE that the World's Record Dependability Demonstration was carried out this summer? Between 5-30 p.m. on June 22 and the same hour on June 25 last, 194 standard, stock cars, owned and driven by motor vehicle dealers in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and the Irish Free State, travelled 334,930 miles without a single involuntary stoppage.

Day and night they ran, for three days and nights, stopping only to change drivers, to replenish petrol-tanks, at scheduled points and times.



At the conclusion of the Demonstration, English and Welsh participants rallied at Stratford on Avon, to fight their battles o'er again: Entering Stratford.

Those cars gave the clearest possible evidence of complete trustworthiness. But in doing that they simultaneously made plain the ability of their owners to keep them in A-1 running order, first-class trim.

A car that can be driven continuously for such a period, without harm, without a hitch, is a desirable car. And when



The Rally of Dependability Demonstration participants at Stratford on Avon: Similar gatherings were convened for the Irish and Scottish Dealers, at appropriate centres.



These three ladies shared the whole 72 hours' driving of this car, entered by an Edinburgh Dealer. Their Ford covered 1,894 miles without an involuntary halt.

not one car, or a few cars, but 194 of them, all of one make, and all genuinely standard, stock cars, ranging from two days to two years old, can travel 334,930 miles without an involuntary stoppage, one thing is manifest—namely, that cars like those are the sort of cars wanted by the average, representative buyer.

Why, then, should not you own a car like one of those? Why should not you buy it from a Dealer like one of those?



Lancaster's Chief Constable made himself personally responsible for the custody of a local Dealer's Ford, on its completion of three days and nights, non-stop.

The cars concerned were Ford cars, built at Trafford Park, Manchester. The least costly was a £180 car. The highest-priced cost only £225.

Every owner of a Ford car has, at instant command, anywhere and everywhere, Ford Facilities, the ubiquitous, unique service organisation, with definite, fixed, low charges for every operation, every replacement.

The Ford owner knows, right at the outset, the exact cost of everything he can ever want for, or want done to, his car, from a wash-and-polish to a complete overhaul. Considerations of this nature suggest that you should *Investigate before you Invest*. The Nearest FORD Dealer will assist your investigation. You can ask no question he cannot answer.

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BEFORE THE BATTLE: COMPETITORS IN THE ENGLISH CLOSE CHAMPIONSHIP AT GANTON

Eve at Golf

By ELEANOR E. HELME

OF course, one crowded hour of glorious life may be worth an age without a name, but when most of the Central England Foursomes, the "Golf Illustrated" Cup, plus its replay, and the two first days of the English Close Championship make up one crowded week, it is a different matter. Where can a poor journalist begin or end? She must begin at Woodhall, where Miss Lobbett and Mr. Straker won those Central England Mixed Foursomes. They played real foursome golf, very typical of Miss Lobbett at her best. The more unplumbed the depths she was plunged into, the more triumphantly did she emerge. The hotter the opposition the better Mr. Straker played. Boiling pitch was reached in the



Bale

Competing for the Baker Challenge Cup: A group taken at Luffenham, where the Championship of Leicestershire and Rutland was played. Mrs. Sturgess-Wells (on right of Cup) won for the fourth successive year, and Miss Martin was runner-up. Others included are Mrs. Lytton-Baker (in spotted tie), Miss Hoggett, Miss Lewis, Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. Davenport-Handley, and (in chair) Miss Thorp, secretary of Luffenham Ladies' Golf Club



The Central England Open Mixed Foursomes: Nearly all the winners at Woodhall Spa. Left to right—Flight-Lieutenant Silvester, Miss Gourlay, Mr. Straker, Miss Lobbett, Miss Doreen Snook, Mr. Norman Bacon, and Miss Livingstone

semi-final, when they put out Miss Gourlay and Flight-Lieutenant Silvester, the man of that party having rather too much affection for the rough, and Miss Lobbett's putts a positive passion for the hole.

In the other semi-final Miss Livingstone and Mr. J. H. Thompson (who the public supposed would entertain them greatly if Mr. Thompson and Mr. Straker could have a driving match) went out to Miss D. Snook and Mr. Norman Bacon. Miss Snook is a distinctly attractive hitter of the ball, and has come on since she was runner-up in the "Eve" Northern Foursomes this Spring. Granted that Miss Livingstone's side had suffered a slight collapse, the others took their chances well. Miss Snook was fated to be runner-up again, for in the final greater experience quickly got the noses of Miss Lobbett

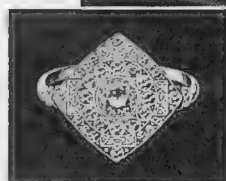
(Continued on p. xxx)

New **Ciro** Diamonds astonish Bond Street shoppers



"...I tell you I saw
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and I couldn't
tell which were
which, and I have
been wearing real
diamonds all my
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★ This scene is typical of the sort of thing that has been happening at our shops ever since we first announced the new CIRO diamond. Even experts have been known to mistake it, and ordinary people never fail to do so.



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Cluster ring set entirely
with the new **Ciro**
Diamonds - £1 1 0

"I never was so surprised in all my life as when they told me that two
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"knows what. 'Perhaps you will be able to pick them out,' they
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"diamonds. Well, would you believe it? The very first time I picked
"one of **Ciro**'s. The next one was wrong, too. After my third shot I
"had to confess to being completely puzzled—and still I couldn't see the
"slightest difference even when they *showed* me the real diamonds side
"by side with the rest." Come and see the new **Ciro** diamonds for
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OUR SPECIAL OFFER enables you to wear
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of all obligation.

The jewels shown here are just a few examples. The new Catalogues containing many more
designs — rings, brooches, pendants, earrings, clips, bracelets and the famous **Ciro** pearl
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4982

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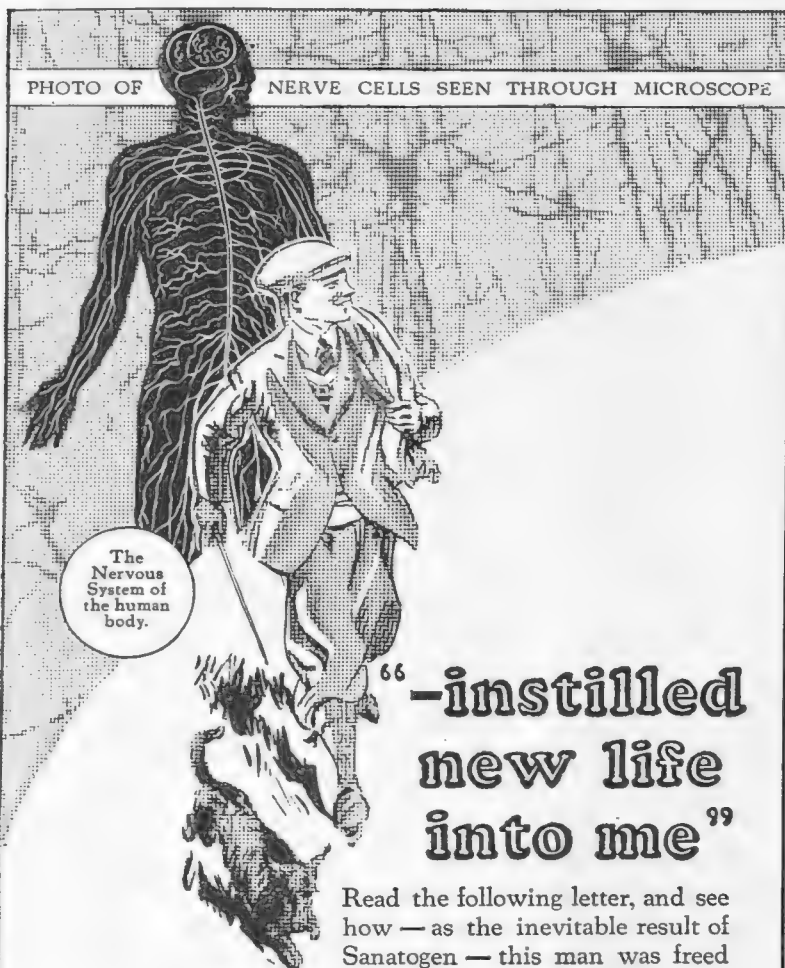


5206

Ciro Emerald (or Sap-
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"-instilled
new life
into me"

Read the following letter, and see how — as the inevitable result of Sanatogen — this man was freed from neurasthenic unhappiness and given supreme health.

You could be just as healthy, vigorous, self-confident and happy — and so easily too!

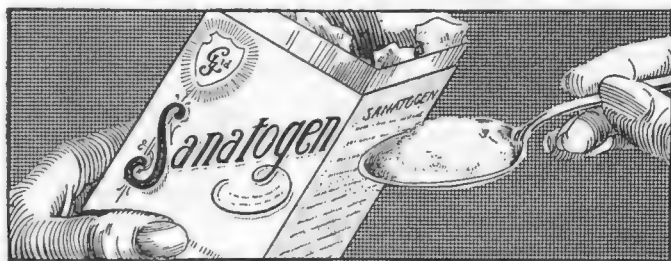
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Removes the "Yellow" without
Injury to the Enamel.**



Here's the new way to clean teeth that dentists are advocating and the public adopting. It whitens teeth in a new and amazing way. It makes even the duldest and yellowest teeth radiantly white, and without the slightest injury to the enamel!

It is called the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique and consists of the use of a half-inch of Kolynos Dental Cream on a dry tooth-brush.

The use of a dry brush means that you use Kolynos, a highly concentrated dental cream, full strength; also that the brush bristles then remain stiff enough to brush

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AUTUMN FASHION SECTION



Beauty of line marks this evening dress of shaded sphinx sequins; each one has been sewn on by hand. It was designed and carried out by Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. The white velvet wrap trimmed with fox is an admirable foil

The HIGHWAY of FASHION

Hats of Panne and Felt

Coats of Velvet and Lamé

By
M. E. BROOKE



Nothing has been able to cast a shadow over the vogue for felt. It is used for this simple and distinctive hat from Woollands, Knightsbridge, with its bow and twisted ribbon band



Hats that reveal nearly half the head are trumps, declare Woollands; the model on the right is of felt enriched with bows of brown and rust ribbon, while an ermine bow alights on the brim of the model of the tricorne character in the centre

This portfolio of fashion contains a brief illustrated review of the autumn modes. The dresses and their accessories, although many of them were created in Paris, have gone into residence in the London salons; they are free from exaggeration, and have been chosen with due regard to the present economic situation. Evening dresses do not show any startling innovations, the slender silhouette is maintained, and in order that the waist may appear smaller, the shoulders are widened with the aid of capes, epaulette and other sleeves. Soft draperies at the back have completely ousted the much-discussed bustle of olden days.

The skirts of evening dresses are ankle length, some being reinforced with trains. Hip yokes occupy a prominent rôle, and so do inverted pleats and spiral flounces. Rounded apron effects, more often than not finished with a kilted frill, have come into their own; the fishwife's skirt with a detachable drapery that can be used as a cape has just arrived.

In many instances the backs of evening dresses consist of two narrow braces, sometimes they terminate at the waist of the dress itself, while at others a floating crescent of tissue is introduced to which they are attached, or it may be that jewelled pendants are substituted for the crescents. Evening wraps are very luxurious affairs; they are expressed in the loveliest fabrics enriched with fur.

Elia
Fullon.



There is no monotony about headgear, it has been influenced by the fashions that prevailed from the days of Henry VIII to those of Empress Eugénie. Hats are carried out in velvet, felt, and reversible velours. The bérêt and the bowler have been banished. There is jewellery of the same periods with its barbaric colours and splendour, anklets of simuli gems are discussed.

Very new are the coats that button down the front; they are provided with detachable capes or cape-sleeves. Fur collars extend to the top of the head; a new note is trimming the sleeves at the elbows and wrists with incrustations of fur. Short fur coats of broadtail galyak, with large fox and other collars, remain on the autumn map of fashion.

Perhaps the most interesting accessory of all this season is the coattee; every decorative fabric has contributed to its fashioning. Selfridge's, Oxford Street, W., are responsible for those portrayed. By the way, there are fascinating tippets reinforced with belts from a guinea; they are expressed in velvet. The lamé coat on the right has elbow sleeves finished with fur, while the waisted coat is of raisin purple velvet. It is gauged and ornamented with a flower. A large flower alights on the gauged barrel cuff

Bridge frocks are made of velvet and satin, and are frequently finished with lace-trimmed collars and cuffs. The jumper blouse (it is really the Russian tunic) has returned to favour. It is made of multi-coloured fabrics as well as sombre shades, the latter lightened with gold thread.

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give your
skin a
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Just for a moment—stop thinking of your skin as a surface that must be continually coaxed to loveliness. Think *underneath*—down to the living cells and tissues of which it is composed; the muscles that give it shape and firmness; the pores through which it breathes. Ask yourself—are you seeing to it that these cells, these muscles, these pores can function properly? Or are you still loading your skin with creams and make-up; closing its choked pores with astringents; leaving soiled cream and waste matter to harden into spots and blackheads; poisoning the very source of loveliness?

If so—then you would be wasting money on Cyclax or any other beauty treatment. *No skin can be lovely unless it is kept absolutely clean*—unless it can function as naturally as the innocent peach-bloom skin of a child. Even if it means forgetting everything you've learned about skin care, you must get back to this . . . the focus point of the Cyclax treatment.

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Every woman who has used this Special Lotion has been surprised at the difference even one application can make. What happens is this. You paint the Lotion over your face before going to bed. During the night it will draw out the acid waste that usually collects in the pores, ready to be washed away in the morning with soap and water. Look in your mirror *then*. Your skin will be noticeably lighter, immeasurably smoother in texture. Each application will leave it clearer and younger, until soon, once a week will be enough to keep it in perfect order.

Frances Hemming.

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Cyclax Complexion Milk. (Slightly astringent.) Prevents open pores and relaxing of the skin. Eradicates lines. 4/6, 7/6.

Cyclax Soap. Specially prepared from a secret formula, with an exceptionally abundant lather which easily removes every trace of skin food. Its emollient qualities soften and whiten the skin, and form a complete beauty treatment. 3/6 per tablet.

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Cyclax Cleansing Lotion. Excellent for cleaning the face when washing is inconvenient. Instantly removes all trace of dust and make-up. 4/6, 7/6.

Cyclax Powder is made in 7 shades, or you can have it specially blended to suit your colouring. 3/6, 6/6.

Lovely Furs and Fur Cloth are



There is an analogy between jewellery and furs, inasmuch as they have their reproductions; especially is this the case with broadtail, which in cloth is dyed many lovely shades. The coat above is of the latter fabric, and is a study in black and white, the smartly-cut skirt being of plain cloth. It has crossed the Channel, and may be seen at the Galeries Lafayette, Regent St., W.

It has been stated that this ensemble has been "socially" registered at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street. The coat and skirt are of "caroube" brown breitschwantz cloth. The latter is generously trimmed with lynx, which shades from a pale cocoa shade to a rich brown. The long crêpe de chine tunic is of the Russian genre and is finished with a wide suède

Pictures by Blake

Unerringly Smart for Autumn Wear



The higher the collar the smarter the mode is fashion's latest dictum, and of course it must be of a soft fur as this is particularly flattering to the complexion. Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, W., are responsible for the coat on the left. It is carried out in Afghan lamb of a decidedly attractive café au lait shade, the fox collar being of the same elusive nuance

Squirrel is among the fashionable furs this season, nevertheless, like all furs, it has had its price drastically reduced. The wrap pictured has been designed and carried out by Harrods, Knightsbridge, the skins having been specially selected; they are of that elusive shade that is technically called "clear," and they are worked in an original and artistic manner

Pictures by Blake

THE FASCINATION OF FUR



Pictures by Blake

This lovely pastel-tinted lamé evening gown, which to the uninitiated means simplicity, but to the technician signifies sophistication, comes from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. The scheme is completed with a graceful black velvet wrap with angel sleeves trimmed with fur dyed to harmonise with the shades in the lamé

When the cold weather arrives women's thoughts turn to fur, and it is for this reason that Fenwick's, 62-63, New Bond Street, W., have enriched the coat of this frock with it. It is carried out in angel skin strewn with spots about the size of a shilling. Important features of the coat are elongated revers and raised waist line

SOPHISTICATED SLEEVES REIGN SUPREME



Large sleeves have taken possession of the evening wrap; nevertheless all monotony is banished. Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, are responsible for the chef-d'oeuvre above. It is carried out in velvet of an elusive sand-dune shade. The sleeves partake of the characteristics of a muff, the handsome collar being of fox

There is much to please in this evening wrap from Goringes, Buckingham Palace Road; it emphasizes fashion's commands and gives to the figure the much-to-be-desired outline. It is of soft brocade in which gold, not quite white, and black are present, the collar being of fur. The decidedly wide sleeves are cleverly ruched

Pictures by Blake

SMART WOMEN WILL VOTE FOR THESE HATS



The Spanish sailor hat at the top of this page, carried out in satin-finished velour, trimmed with black patent leather, faced with white kid, is the perfect complement of the tailored suit; it comes from the salons of Henry Heath, Oxford Street, W., and so does the black tricorné below, reinforced with a modish nose veil

The autumn hats are simple in line, while felt and velour have very important rôles to play. Henry Heath has used reversible velour for the model at the top of the page on the right; ribbon velvet arranged in the form of organ pleats appears on the upstanding brim. The hat at the base on the right is of felt enriched with a "halter" of black and white angel skin ribbon. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that this firm excel in felt and other practical sports hats

Models, Henry Heath Pictures by Blake

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When time is of no account,
and the occasion serves,
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by all means.

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when you still have leisure
to smoke a full-sized cigar-
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Reszke *Virginias* are the
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— of course !

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

Many Hats Have
Narrow Graceful Brims
While the Ensembles
Boast Fur Collars
And Holster Sleeves



Four out of five hats are this season made of felt with narrow brims slightly rolled off the face. The trio pictured may be seen at Woodrows, 46, Piccadilly, W. It is of felt that the modified tricorn on the left is made; a single feather mount adds to its charm. Velvet has been used for the decorative affair on the right; it is featherweight and trimmed with glycerised ostrich feathers. The hat at the base is carried out in felt; the crown supports a feather tuft and is gartered with narrow petersham ribbon.

An ensemble which gives the much-liked slender lines is always accorded a warm welcome. Facts regarding the model portrayed are that it comes from Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, is carried out in the modish boucle cloth and is fourteen guineas. Pleats appear on the hip yoke of the dress; the tucked georgette vest is spade-shaped and is surrounded by the newest version of the halter collar. The coat, with its old-world holster sleeves, is stitched and reinforced with a decidedly handsome astrachan collar.

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4711 Eau de Cologne in the Bath.

The result, when a little is added to the bath is that the skin glows and tingles, and the whole body is invigorated and refreshed. By the way, many men use it after shaving; the best way is to damp the face with a little lukewarm water in which some 4711 Eau de Cologne is present. Again, it is warmly to be recommended for use on returning from outdoor exercise, especially after golf, football, and hunting. In the sick-room it is absolutely

indispensable; a good plan is to pour a teaspoonful or a couple of teaspoonfuls into a saucer, set it alight, and let it burn until the perfume has impregnated the atmosphere with its tonic qualities. It cannot be too frequently reiterated that it is an ideal perfume, not heavy or obtrusive or overpowering, but delicate and refined. By the way, it should be kept in a dry place, but not exposed to heat. The same stimulating fragrance is present in the 4711 Eau de Cologne series of toilettries, which include creams, soaps, powders, bath salts, as well as other aids to beauty, all of which are easily identified by the well-known blue-and-gold label.



The well-known stimulating fragrance of 4711 Eau de Cologne is present in this series of toilettries, all of which are easily identified by the well-known Blue-and-Gold Label. 4711 Eau de Cologne is not a luxury but a necessity, and is a perfume and toilet aid that is regarded with favour by men

"Parents' Problems."

Warmly to be congratulated is the Hon. Mrs. St. Aubyn on her book, entitled "Parents' Problems." It is a guide book for modern parents through the hazardous labyrinth of their children's babyhood, youth, and adolescence. It is divided into numerous sub-sections each clearly headed, therefore every one can find their way about this work. Harold Nicolson has written an introduction in which he states that the first virtue of the book is its practical knowledge, and the second its good sense, and the third is its modernity. He adds that by this he does not mean only that the information contained in the book and the several gadgets recommended are all hot from the oven of infant welfare, but that Mrs. St. Aubyn has a modern habit of mind. It gives an opportunity of independent knowledge on the part of the mother without throwing discredit on the nurse.



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BORZOI PUP

The property of Mrs. Gingold

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

The Kennel Club's Show takes place the day these notes appear and the following day, October 7 and 8, at the Crystal Palace. This is one of the chief dog shows in the world, and everyone interested in dogs should make a point of visiting it. It marks the beginning of the show season in the south, and also the reassemblage of fanciers after the autumn holidays.

Talking of shows reminds one of our Members' Show fixed for November 24 to take place at Olympia. I would appeal to all members to try and make this show a success.

The place is ideal and the time of year very good for a show in London. In the difficult times through which we are passing all members should make an effort to help their Association. "Every little helps," and if each member settles to make one entry, the success of the Show is assured. They can also help themselves by sending notes and photographs to me, as it is astonishing how many letters I receive from all over the world from people who are interested in members' dogs.

The borzoi is one of the most handsome of dogs; he looks an aristocrat, every inch of him. Though in this country he cannot fulfil his lawful occupation of chasing the wolf—wolves being mercifully absent—he makes an ideal and distinguished companion. He has been known in England for many years. In the happy, far-off Edwardian days, Queen Alexandra used to show some beautiful dogs at our shows, and the borzois of the Duchess of Newcastle were, of course, famous. Mrs. Gingold is one of those who have comparatively lately taken up this grand breed; she has done well with her small, but

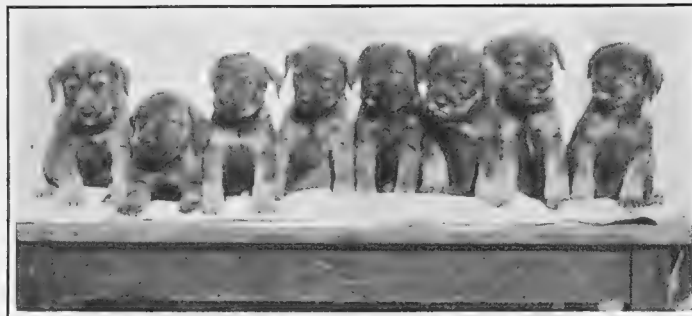
select, kennel in Hampshire. She has an exceptionally fine puppy for sale. She says, "He would make an ideal companion and win well at shows if necessary." He is five months old and registered. He is only sold as Mrs. Gingold is overstocked.

Under the judicious care of those interested in him, the schnauzer has advanced steadily in favour. There is something very attractive in his sturdy, downright appearance; he is full of intelligence and affection, and a natural guard, without being savage. Mrs. Hornyold is one of the chief supporters of the breed. She finds them particularly responsive to obedience and has all hers trained. She sends a picture of some pups she has for sale; the sire is the imported Champion Cranbourne Dewet von Rigiblick, who has sired nine of this year's prize winners, and the mother is Cranbourne Lucille, little sister to the winner of the Challenge Certificate of the L.K.A. this year. Cranbourne Opalette is to take part in obedience trials this autumn, and great hopes are entertained of her.



KIPYARD TAFFY

The property of Miss Pearson



SCHNAUZER PUPS

The property of Mrs. Hornyold

Congratulations to Miss Pearson on her Champion Kipyard Taffy attaining his full title. Taffy is by Champion Rikki Tikki Tavi, who is home bred, which makes it all the pleasanter. He is the winner of ninety-one firsts at champion and open shows, and four certificates, and is the sire of several winners. Miss Pearson has some young dogs and pups for sale, as Miss Taylor has had to leave her for a time, and she is carrying on single-handed at present.

Letters to MISS BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

ORDINARY
OR
HIGH BAKED



The only water biscuit with the *true* nutty flavour.

Water Biscuits are not at all the same thing if you leave out that vital first word "JACOB'S." And cheese without Jacob's Water Biscuits is like strawberries without the cream.

Loose in $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. packets, or 1/3, 2/- and 2/5 tins.

JACOB'S WATER BISCUITS

W. & R. JACOB & COMPANY, LTD.

IF RICHARD III



had lived to-day
he would have
called not only
for a horse, but for
a stirrup cup of
“**King George IV**”
OLD SCOTCH
WHISKY



“*The Whisky of Right Royal Quality*”



LORD ILLINGWORTH AND MISS MARGARET WILBERFORCE AT . . .

Lord Illingworth's engagement is a notable one, for his fiancée is the great-great-grand-daughter of the great Liberator of the Slaves, William Wilberforce, who died in 1833, having got his Bill through the Commons after fifteen years' agitation. Markington, which is Miss Wilberforce's home, is a very old house dating back to the thirteenth century, has some magnificent old oak and fire-places and walls six feet thick

A NOTABLE ENGAGEMENT OF THE PAST WEEK



Owston Ward

MARKINGTON HALL, NEAR RIPON

**GOOD
GIN**
... LONG
COOLING DRINK

Gin and Ginger Ale or Gin and Ginger Beer. A Gin Highball or a Cream Fizz, 'fact anything that's cooling and nice and refreshing which lives in a long glass simply must have Gin in it. Make sure it's the right Gin. Make sure it's Holloway's Dry London ... double distilled and crystal clear. Holloway's to banish woe and care ... always

HOLLOWAY'S
GIN
always

HOLLOWAY'S GIN DISTILLERY CO. MONKTON ST. KENNINGTON. LONDON, S.E.

Before Breakfast, Drink Hot Water and Lemon

Flush Stomach and Intestines of Excess Acid
and Gassy Waste Matter

The whole country is taking to drinking hot water and lemon juice every morning. It is one of the wisest health practices ever established. It washes out the stomach and intestinal tract and makes us internally clean.

Most of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient, because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time.

It putrefies within us and sets up toxins or poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability and lassitude.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking

hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous, natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from your chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.



Miss Ursula Jeans

NOW APPEARING IN "GRAND HOTEL"
AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE...

writes

"IT'S a case of going 'all-out' in a modern high-speed musical comedy, with downright hard, strenuous physical work all the time, but thanks to Phosferine I can do it comfortably and keep fresh and energetic all the time. Phosferine is marvellously helpful for overcoming any nervy limpness and slackness due to overstrain. Whenever I have felt not quite equal to things, or a bit 'down' or jaded, then a little Phosferine soon buoys up my spirits and makes me get on with work with a feeling of exhilaration. It is amazing what a large amount of wear and tear Phosferine saves busy women from, and in my own case it gives my nerves a chance to rest themselves, and so I get the best kind of sleep, and wake up with a soft, fresh complexion, which makes one feel 'just right!'"

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Influenza
Debility
Indigestion
Sleeplessness
Exhaustion

Neuralgia
Maternity Weakness
Weak Digestion
Mental Exhaustion
Loss of Appetite

Lassitude
Neuritis
Faintness
Brain Fag
Anæmia

Nerve Shock
Malaria
Rheumatism
Headache
Sciatica

From Chemists.

Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

Also take SANACINE Brand Cough Mixture—the most effective Remedy for Colds and Coughs (A Phosferine Product). Tablets and Liquid. 1/3 & 3/-

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.



LINDISFARNE
6th CENTURY

"The Antiquary"

The First Old Liqueur
SCOTCH WHISKY



Just as good
with water
as with Soda

Age does not dim the appreciation of "ANTIQUARY"—it is a fillip to the jaded palate yet mellow and smooth to those upon whom the years still rest lightly. First produced in 1858 it is still the finest liqueur whisky and its popularity is growing fast.

Should you have difficulty in obtaining supplies, write for name and address of the nearest agent, to

Make it Your Home Whisky

J. & W. HARDIE, EDINBURGH

A NEW PASTE OF
FINE QUALITY



Winning immense popularity for tempting and delightful sandwiches, toast, snacks, etc., the new Cheese and Tomato paste makes a most enjoyable change. Fine quality, distinctive flavour, highly nutritious and economical, can be used with or without butter.

In glass jars, 6d. and 9d.

From Grocers.

B. IVEL

CHEESE AND TOMATO PASTE

Aplin & Barrett & The Western Counties Creameries Ltd.



A Motoluxe Coat will protect you against wind and cold! Known the world over as the Cosiest of Coats; being made from the same fabric as the famous Motoluxe Motor Rugs. It is as warm as fur, without the weight and bulk of fur, and there are twenty-one different shades to choose from.

Prices from $7\frac{1}{2}$ guineas.

Write for the Motoluxe Booklet and for the name of nearest agent.

EVERY GENUINE MOTOLUXE BEARS THIS LABEL.

MOTOLUXE
THE COSIEST
of
COATS

Motoluxe Motor
Rugs - £5.5.0

Footmuffs to
match - £1.19.6

OF ALL
LEADING
STORES.

Wholesale enquiries only to:—
LEE BROTHERS (Overwear), Ltd., 39, Eastcastle Street, London, W.1

MOTOR NOTES AND NEWS

So great is the uncertainty with regard to future price levels that certain motor firms refuse to list any prices at all. In order to safeguard themselves, several concerns have even asked permission to raise prices, if necessary, during the course of the Motor Show. It is one of the strictest rules of the authorities at Olympia that no alteration in price shall be made whilst the Show is in progress. But for the first time in history this rule is being waived, provided the alteration represents an increase and not a decrease in prices. An exactly opposite course is being followed by the Rolls-Royce Company. Despite the risk of a possible increase in manufacturing costs they have decided upon substantial reductions in the prices of both their models, to take effect on Monday. The chassis prices of both the long wheel-base and short wheel-base 40-50-h.p. Phantom II have been reduced by £100 to £1,800 and £1,750 respectively. The chassis price of the 20-25-h.p. model has been reduced by £135 to £1,050. The two saloon models on this chassis now sell at £1,555 and £1,560 for the four-seater and six-seater respectively. They are both of them standard models.



A HILLMAN "MINX" AND ITS BIGGER BROTHER, THE "WIZARD" During the testing of the former in the Alps. The cars are seen at the Swiss-Italian frontier at the summit of the Grand St. Bernard Pass

A feature of the Wakefield Company's exhibit at Olympia this year will be a free distribution of their well-known lubrication charts. These charts are available for over seventy different chassis. They are clearly printed on strong vellum paper and will last the life of the car. Every one is guaranteed authentic and has been definitely approved by the makers concerned. Lubrication experts will be available throughout the Show to answer inquiries. On the stand will be shown a full range of Castrol motor oils and greases including, of course, Castrollo, the new upper cylinder lubricant introduced a few months ago. There will also be a selection of Wakefield grease-guns and other lubrication accessories. Of particular interest is the Ram grease-gun, which entirely obviates the mess and trouble involved in transferring grease from the container to the gun. The feed is automatic and, as the gauge on the stand will show, it is possible for an ordinary man to exert a pressure of over 2 tons to the sq. inch. Visitors to this year's Show will miss the revolving globe which has been a feature of the Wakefield Stand since before the War. But in its place is an ingenious device consisting of nine hour glasses which continuously demonstrate the viscosity of Castrol motor oils.



MISS JOAN BARRY

Who is appearing in that successful play, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," with her Stutz car, supplied by Messrs. Warwick Wright, Ltd., 150, New Bond Street, W.

The ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY POLICY & PROGRAMME FOR 1932



Quality with Economy
More Economical Running
Enhanced Performance

Greater Comfort
Easier Maintenance

OLYMPIA
STAND
130

A combination of qualities only made possible by rigid adherence to the aircraft standards for which Armstrong Siddeley cars have always been so justly famed is the keynote of our 1932 Programme.

IMPORTANT FEATURES

New attractive coachwork with more comfort and luxury fittings.
Extreme smoothness and silence of engines with greater flexibility.
New 20 H.P. and Long 20 H.P. Models. More powerful and responsive engine. Radiator shutters. New braking system. Lower centre of gravity. Wonderful steering and many other improvements.
A new method of carrying luggage without detracting from the appearance or accommodation of the body.
New Sports Saloon on 15 H.P. and 20 H.P. chassis.
New 12 H.P. Model with 4-speed self-changing gearbox. Sloping 'V' radiator. Rear petrol tank.

PROGRAMME

	£
30 H.P. Enclosed Landaulette or Limousine	1250
SPECIAL 20 H.P. Enclosed Landaulette or Limousine	775
NEW LONG 20 H.P. Enclosed Landaulette or Limousine	725
NEW 20 H.P. 5-seater Open Tourer	495
Coachbuilt Saloon	525
Sports Saloon with Sunshine Roof	575
LONG 15 H.P. 5-seater Open Tourer	395
Coachbuilt Saloon	415
Sports Saloon with Sunshine Roof	465
Folding Head Coupé	450
SHORT 15 H.P. Semi-Panelled Saloon	355
NEW 12 H.P. 4-speed Self-Changing Gear, 'V' type radiator	
2/3-seater and Open Tourer	285
Coachbuilt Saloon	295
Sports Saloon with Sunshine Roof	300
Special Foursome Coupé with Sunshine Roof	335

and the

12 H.P. ECONOMY MODEL

THE MOST REMARKABLE VALUE IN A CAR OF QUALITY

12 H.P. 3-speed self-changing gear. Rear petrol tank. Full-size 4/5-seater Saloon. Fully equipped. **£260**

This new model provides the answer to the present call for economy in motoring and at its price as a car of quality is unequalled.

ALL WITH THE FAMOUS SELF-CHANGING GEAR

Write for Catalogue B, 159
ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY MOTORS LTD., COVENTRY. LONDON, 10 OLD BOND STREET, W.
Manchester: 35 King Street West. Agents in all centres.

Air Eddies—continued from p. 36

is to be hoped that the great open meeting of the year will be that at which the proposed International Trophy Race is held. At the time of writing it has not been finally settled if this race is to be held at all. It depends upon the cash prizes that can be offered and upon the entries that can be secured from abroad. But there is good reason for hoping that the race will in fact take place and that it will draw entries from Germany and America, and perhaps from Italy and France. The greatest credit is due to Mr. Nigel Norman and to Mr. Alan Muntz for the work they have done in promoting this event. At the time when those who are officially in charge of sporting flying in this country showed unmistakable signs of somnolence and fatigue; at a time when the "proper authorities" desired nothing more than a good long sleep, regardless of what happened to British sporting flying in the meanwhile, Messrs. Norman and Muntz—and do not let us forget that to them we owe the first real airport in this country—moved. And as soon as they moved, others moved in sympathy with them. With luck, the outcome will be the most interesting and most useful sporting event that has been held outside the Schneider Trophy race.

Brooklands.

With economy in the air it is wise of the Brooklands School of Flying to introduce their bonus scheme just now. During the winter months they will be giving a bonus, which will materially reduce the cost of learning to fly, to all pupils. They may also introduce their new method of teaching landings, which is believed to give the pupil greatly increased confidence and to teach him to land more quickly and with greater certainty than by the old method. Briefly, it is modelled on the scheme tried by C. F. S. and consists in doing all the preliminary training in landings without actually

touching the ground. At first the pupil goes through the landing operation at a good height. Then he is taught to keep constant height a few feet from the ground while the throttle is gradually moved, and only at last does he come to putting the machine down direct from an approach glide.



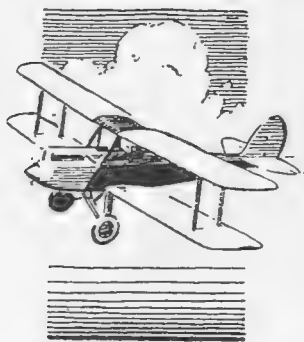
Hay Wrightson

THE WORLD'S FASTEST: FT.-LIEUT. STAINFORTH

The great average speed 408.8 set up a world's record, but there was even more to it than that, for the official figures of Ft.-Lieut. Stainforth's great flight off Calshot gave the first four consecutive runs as follows: 415.2, 405.1, 409.5, and 405.4 miles an hour respectively. The record speed exceeded that of 379 miles per hour, which was set up by Ft.-Lieut. Stainforth on the day of the Schneider Trophy Race by over 29 miles an hour

Petrol Vapour—cont. from p. 42**More Novelty.**

Something much more to the point is to be found in the 15-18-h.p. Lanchester, the introduction of which was one of the big events (indeed the biggest) of last week. It is rated at 18 (R.A.C.) h.p., so do not ask me why it has been called what it has been called. I could wish that car nomenclature was put upon a more rational basis. But that is beside the point, and Shakespeare's dictum still applies. This is a very noteworthy, important, and entirely new model. And it is to be added, well worthy of that famous pioneer name now linked with the equally famous pioneer name of Daimler. Briefly described, the new Lanchester is a 2½-litre job, 6-cylinder, with rocker-worked over-head valves. Right through the engine one finds nothing but the most up-to-date principles, including extra splash lubrication when the motor is cold. Everything under the bonnet is a miracle of neatness and accessibility. The more interesting part comes under the floorboards, which conceal the Daimler fluid fly-wheel and the Wilson self-changing pre-selective gear (same as fitted to all Daimlers and all Armstrong-Siddeleys). This Lanchester, besides being the lowest powered car of that name (though not the slowest, for it will do its 75 m.p.h.), is the lowest powered of any to boast both of these modern advancements. In addition it has Lockheed hydraulic brakes all round with a Dewandre servo mechanism—I do not remember to have seen this combination before, but it should be wholly admirable. The chassis is priced at £435; and the complete six-window saloon at £565.



To learn to fly at Brooklands is to acquire experience quite inexpensively. No subscriptions . . . just ordinary tuition charges at a specified flat rate. The courses embrace flying and the science of aviation including navigation, meteorology, and workshop practice.

BROOKLANDS SCHOOL
OF FLYING LTD.

BYFLEET . . . SURREY

**EVENING DRESS**

Here is a typically Kenneth Durward evening suit . . . sleeves moulding smoothly in at the shoulders, the waistline curving easily and comfortably into the figure. Deft tailoring of less obvious incidentals also lend a distinctive elegance to the whole suit . . . and to the wearer.

Dinner Suit £13 13 0

Dress Suit £15 15 0

KENNETH DURWARD LTD.
37 CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1

**Stay at English Resorts this Winter**

"British Nationals who are abroad will render the community a service by returning home and spending their money here."

Mr. Snowden's urgent appeal is significant that the country needs everyone's support during its great financial crisis.

England's Seaside Resorts are ideal wintering places—the South Coast offers you winter sunshine in plenty and not the least of these much favoured winter resorts is Bournemouth—The centre of Health and Sunshine.

Write to-day for new Illustrated Guide and Hotel Register, free from the Town Clerk, Room 12a, Town Hall, Bournemouth.

BOURNEMOUTH
"Where Summer Winters"

ANSWER
THE CALL
FOR
ECONOMY
— VISIT
THE
“BLUE
SPOT”
AT
OLYMPIA

(OPEN 15th to 24th OCT.)

That call applies and is as insistent in the matter of motoring as in all other things and at the “Blue Spot at Olympia” you can inspect the



THE CAR WHICH PROMOTES MOTORING ECONOMY TO THE LAST DEGREE

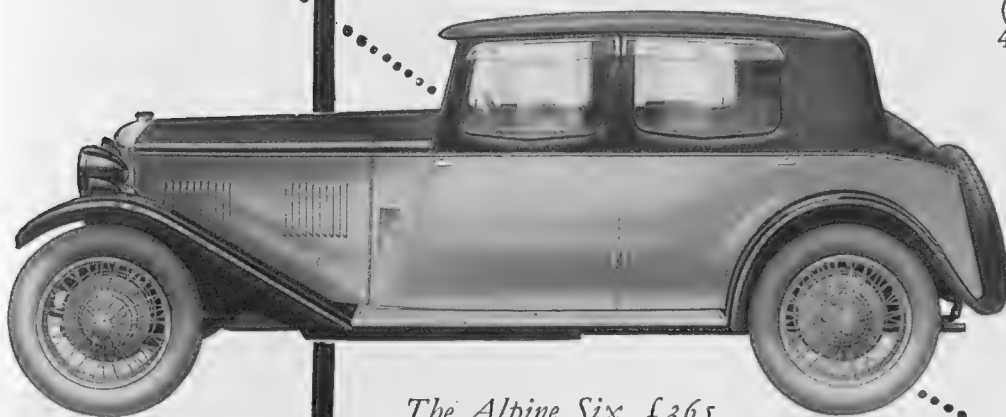
The Car which possesses every attribute to make motoring less expensive and at the same time is distinguished by every quality which makes for that pride of possession which is more than half the joy of motoring—

The Car with a performance built on its consistent participation in the classic trials of the present and the past and the experience gained thereby.

No car in its class can show an equal record and it can be stated quite definitely that every component part of the Riley Chassis includes in its design features which are the direct result of this experience—features which ensure unequalled safety, economy and service.

And with all it is “such fun to drive.”

*If you're not coming to Olympia
write for demonstration to Riley
(Coventry) Limited, Coventry, or
42 Nth. Audley St., London, W1.*



*The Alpine Six £365
(Dunlop Tyres and Triplex
Glass Standard)*

THE “BLUE SPOT” IS
STAND 106 AND THE “PLUS-
ULTRA” NINES AND THE
14 H.P. SIXES WILL BE
THERE IN FULL ARRAY.

Pictures in the Fire

(continued from p. 32)

Pardubitz incidentally used to be a great haunt of the Kinsky family, and was so from the days of "Zoedone" Kinsky onwards. Once I had a chance of going there on my way home from India, as a second cousin of "Zoedone" Kinsky, Count Ernst Kinsky, invited me to go there and hunt. This was about four years before the War when the great families in Austria and Hungary were still able to do things in the world of sport in the way in which their ancestors had done. Some member of the Kinsky family, if I recollect aright, had a pack of hounds at that time, but it was not the only one. Pardubitz is also the part of the world in which they run their Grand National over a course which, from the pictures I have seen of it, must take a great deal of doing, and the distance of the race, I think, is a bit over four miles.

No further announcement has been made concerning the "come-back" of Mr. Dempsey. It has not been definitely stated whether there is any alteration of plan, but I think that it is possible. I would call attention to the fact that close upon the heels of the "Demp" announcement came one that Mr. Tunney might also come back. Perhaps this may have induced a reconsideration of the campaign Dempsey. Boxing fans are naturally waiting in breathless excitement for a word from the gentleman who enjoys the distinction of being able to eat his own height in sausages plus a dozen or so eggs, and an apprentice's allowance in bacon for breakfast. Has Mr. Tunney's announcement decided him to become



ENGLAND'S £100,000 TALKIE

"Baroud," which is the biggest picture that has been done this side of the Atlantic, is being made in Nice and Morocco for Mr. Mansfield Markham, the film-producer son of the late Sir Arthur Markham. The people in the picture above are the Hon. Peter Spencer, Lord Churchill's son, who is the assistant director, Pierre Batcheff, and Mr. Rex Ingram, who wrote the film and plays the lead in it

either a Poilu or a Bersagliere in preference to being a gladiator? It may be that Signor or Monsieur Primo Carnera does not now feel as certain as he did in the past of being absolutely alone in the roped arena after the first 10 secs.

The amount of useful information which the really intelligent and enquiring Globe Trotter can pick up if he tries is well known to most, but the following little incident which occurred during the visit of one Sir Hamley Bacon, member for Hogshead, a type of politician whose aim is to collect information for a masterly treatise on the internal administration of the brightest jewel in the Imperial diadem, has for me, at any rate, a spice of novelty. Sir Hamley was visiting one of the lesser Princes, and trying to pump him as to how he ran his State.

"I suppose, Maharajah Saheb," said Sir Hamley in his best Parliamentary manner, "I suppose you have your troubles with your Cabinet, just as we do? Yes?"

"Of carse," said the Chieftain, "all ministers are *salas* and *soor ke butchas*!"

"Ah!" said Sir Hamley, only faintly comprehending. "Things do not always go too smoothly?"

"Of carse," said H.H., "I have my Big Chamber and my Little Chamber, and they bite and esnap like the darm dorg. Before my face they are all Sir Garnet Linsey-Wolsey, bart behind my back they play the higgledy-piggledy just like yours!"

I do not know whether we shall find all this in the impending tome by Sir Hamley Bacon, but I think he will be rather silly if he misses it out. It is absolutely true. Slightly Bowdlerised.

BOLS

Kümmel



Try also:
Dry Curacao
Crème de Menthe
White Curacao Triple Sec
Silver Top Dry Gin
Cherry Brandy
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Wholesale Agents:
BROWN, GORE & WELCH, LTD.,
CORN EXCHANGE CHAMBERS,
SEETHING LANE, LONDON, E.C.3.

Always
with your
COFFEE



Nature's Bulwark against Rheumatism

THE best medical authority affirms that the acid formations which cause rheumatic conditions can be successfully broken up and eliminated if taken in time.

Vichy-Célestins Natural Mineral Water is Nature's own antidote against rheumatic tendencies in the system. Its tonic and mildly stimulating properties ward off the pains and penalties of *rheumatism*.

Drink Vichy-Célestins regularly at meals and at any other period of the day.

The French Natural Mineral Water.

VICHY-CELESTINS

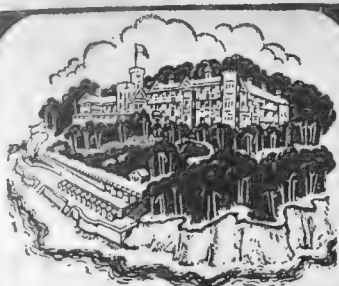
Obtainable everywhere.

CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the Sole Wholesale Agents:

INGRAM & ROYLE, LTD.,

Bangor Wharf, 45 Belvedere Road,
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ONCE a fine old country seat, this famous hotel stands on its own cliffs among ten acres of wooded grounds, which include the private bathing promenade and fore-shore. The appointments are luxurious, the service and cuisine famed for their excellence. Squash racquets court and four tennis courts within the grounds. Five first-class golf courses within easy reach. Lift to all floors. Dancing and Orchestral Music. Garage for 100 cars.

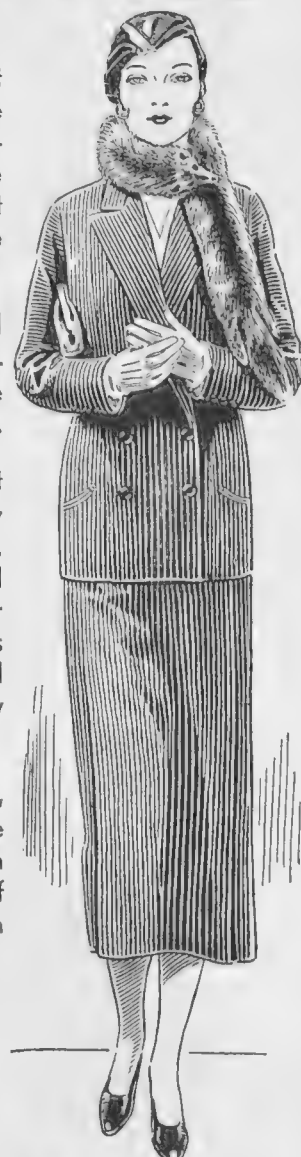
Write to the Manager for Illustrated Brochure and Tariff

BRANKSOME TOWER HOTEL
Bournemouth

Rooms: Branksome Tower, Bournemouth.
Phone: Management, 415. Visitors, 4000.

Three Perfectly Tailored Suits

at an ECONOMY PRICE



ALTHOUGH priced to "line up" with the present demand for economy, these suits are worth-while investments for women who desire to reduce expenditure and, at the same time, continue to be well-dressed.

THE DESIGNS embody all the features that will be considered "the thing" during the Autumn and Winter months.

THE MATERIALS are just what one expects in a Burberry suit . . . the best of their kind. They include Navy, Brown and Grey Worsted suitings . . . or if one's taste runs to Tweeds . . . Saxonomies, Cheviots and Homespuns in new combinations of colour.

THE MAKING . . . cutting, fitting and tailoring . . . is the best work of picked workmen . . . experts with years of experience in the production of perfect tailored suits.

10 Gns.

MADE TO MEASURE

BURBERRYS Ltd.

HAYMARKET LONDON S.W.1

- If a personal visit is impracticable, patterns of any, or all, of the materials, sent on mention of THE TATLER.



FOR YOUR HAIR

Nearly everybody possesses beautiful Hair when they are young, but with increasing age their hair loses much of its beauty, simply because it is not kept in good condition. Rowland's Macassar Oil has been known as the perfect hair dressing for 138 years and a little of this oil well rubbed into the scalp every morning will soon bring back that beauty, because it will keep the hair in good condition.

Of Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers, 3/6, 7/- & 10/6.



Red for dark hair, Golden for fair or grey hair.

Rowland's Macassar Oil

A. ROWLAND & SONS, Ltd.,
22 Laytall St., Rosebery Avenue, E.C.1



The Ace Patent Metal Tyre Cover for the spare wheel is the latest accessory for the car. It is manufactured in Seamless Aluminium section to exactly mould the tread and outer face of the tyre, and is instantly detachable with a single fastener. The Ace Cover gives a neat and clean appearance to the tyre and protects the rubber from light and heat. Finished in Black enamel, burnished aluminium or in colours to match the coachwork. Ace Super Discs are supplied for all makes of cars and correct designs are now available for all wheels which will be fitted to 1932 car models. The discs are manufactured in seamless aluminium and secured by patented methods of attachment which ensure trouble free service. Supplied in any finish.

Write now for full particulars and prices.

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OLYMPIA MOTOR SHOW IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CAR OWNERS

The management committee of THE MOTORISTS' PURCHASING ASSOCIATION (The M.P.A.) has decided to enrol as honorary life members, all car owners or intending owners who apply for particulars of membership, either personally or by post, up to and including the 24th October, the final day of the Show.

Membership confers many benefits, reduces motoring costs, and involves no liability whatever.

M.P.A. HEADQUARTERS,
62, CONDUIT STREET, Regent St., London, W. Phone: Regent 5131 (7 lines)

DOES TALKING TIRE?

If conversation or public speaking tires your throat, there is a simple remedy. Dr. Maude Royden and other eminent speakers testify to Maudoc Davies' simple system of voice production. Hoarseness, loss of voice, inflammation, mannerisms, etc., permanently conquered. FREE BOOKLET on request. Write or phone: **MADOC DAVIES, A.R.C.M., 80, Wigmore Street, W.1.** Welbeck 4226. **CONSULTATIONS FREE.**

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



MISS MARGARET BRIDGES

Only daughter of Mrs. Archdale Porter of Bellisle, County Fermanagh, Ireland, whose engagement to Mr. Adrian Malcolm Conan Doyle, second son of the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and of Lady Conan Doyle was recently announced

Marrying Abroad this Month.

The marriage will take place quietly in Malta at the end of this month between Lieutenant Wilmot Sitwell Lea, R.N., second son of Mr. and Mrs. John Lea of Caversham, (formerly of Liverpool), and Miss Barbara Dorothy Hine, only child of the late Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hine of Maryport, Cumberland.

An Irish Engagement.

The engagement is announced between Mr. Desmond Shaw Smith, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Shaw Smith of Ballawley Park, Dundrum, Co. Dublin, and Cynthia, younger daughter of the late Major Frank Peyton Skipwith, and the Hon. Mrs. Gordon Cardew, the Park House, Killiney, Co. Dublin.

Recently Engaged.

Among the recent engagements is that of Mr. Frederick A. Robert Kay of the Nigerian Administrative Service, third son of Sir Robert and Lady Kay of York, and Constance Margaret, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs.



MR. AND MRS. ERIC BAILEY

Who were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, recently. The bride was Miss Evelyn Vera Pinder, daughter of Mr. R. G. Pinder of Nottingham

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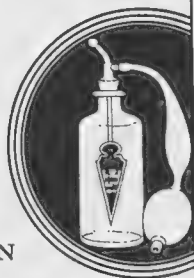
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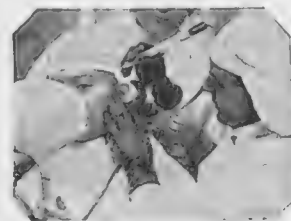
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The Dancer—continued from p. 40

"St. Anthony said not a word to anyone. Whether she had told him beforehand I don't know, but he kept a stiff upper lip, and went about his work much as usual. He was thinner, I thought. It was not until weeks later, in my bungalow, that I discovered how badly he had taken it. He simply broke down. He loved that darned woman in the sort of way you read about in books. It was incredible, but there it was. You simply *couldn't* argue with the chap.

"Nine men out of ten would have gone to the devil in such circumstances—I should, I feel certain. But not St. Anthony. He grew more self-contained than ever, and spent even more time with his books than before, although what the hell he hoped to get out of them is beyond me. The girls at the Café were all loopy about him—two of them had a real scrap one night because of something one had said about him. In the end he went home. I wanted to tell him that he was the luckiest man in Maos, but I didn't. He kept his illusions intact. Anyway, I was darned glad to see him safely on the boat: he was one of those men who should never have come out East at all."

"But what happened to Lolita?" I said.

"Ah! Lolita. 'At bottom a good woman,' St. Anthony had said."

Ferguson puffed his cigar for some time, looking ahead into the black velvet of the night, before he took up the thread of his story: "I saw her again two years later, long after St. Anthony was safely in England. I met her in a low-down joint, rather worse than Arnst's place, in Surabaya. See . . . you can just see the lights of the town over there. If you care, I'll take you to the café to-morrow; it's amusing. Anyway, it was there I met Lolita again. She was doing her usual dance turn and I saw at once that she was older than when I'd seen her last, in all sorts of ways. Women of her type—and life—crack suddenly and are old women. So it was with Lolita. She was coming to the end. The liteness and devilment had left her dancing and it was usually the drunken men, if any, who paid for her drinks after the show.

"In spite of what had happened, it was impossible not to be sorry for her. Only two years before she had been a beautiful woman, and now she was almost a wreck. As she passed my table I spoke to her. She seemed grateful that I had done so—there wasn't any competition for her—but apparently she didn't remember me in the least.

"She still talked in a lively way, but her dark eyes were tired. I've never seen such *tired* eyes. I let her chatter on awhile before I said, 'Remember Maos, Lolita?'

"She started as if I had struck her. Her scarlet lips parted, but she pulled herself together.

"Yes," she said.

"And St. Anthony?"

"Yes," she said. "Tony, I remember Tony. You know him?" She almost shot the question at me. Her eyes seemed suddenly alive; it was a very curious effect.

"I nodded, watching her.

"Is he well?" she asked, and laughed in a nervous kind of way, as if she wanted me to think that her interest was a casual one.

"He's gone back to England, Lolita."

"It is good," she replied very quietly. "He doesn't belong out here."

"You handed him dirt good and proper, you know," I said.

"She shrugged her still beautiful shoulders. 'He was—St. Anthony. What could there be between St. Anthony and me?'

"You bluffed him into thinking that you loved him. He took it badly, Lolita, as you must have known he would."

"Bluffed!" she said almost in a whisper. "It was no bluff. I *did* love him, or I should have stayed and married him. I *could* have married him in spite of all of you, damn you. And I love him still. St. Anthony!"

"Her voice died away to a whisper. I think she had forgotten I was there at all.

"And there in that wicked little café I saw a look in that woman's eyes which a man doesn't often see. A good woman, St. Anthony had said. Sometimes I think that he was right, after all.

"The waiter came up just then. 'What'll you drink, Lolita?' I asked.

"Brandy," she said. 'Will you see him again?' Once more she shot the question at me.

"I shrugged my shoulders.

"If you do," she went on, 'will you please tell him the truth? Tell him *why* I bolted with that greasy Dago.'

Ferguson paused, and was gazing ahead at the twinkling lights on the horizon. Apparently his story was finished.

"You haven't seen him again?" I hazarded.

"No, and I don't think I want to. I don't know whether I should tell him if I did."

"But surely," I protested.

"You think it over," said Ferguson, quietly.

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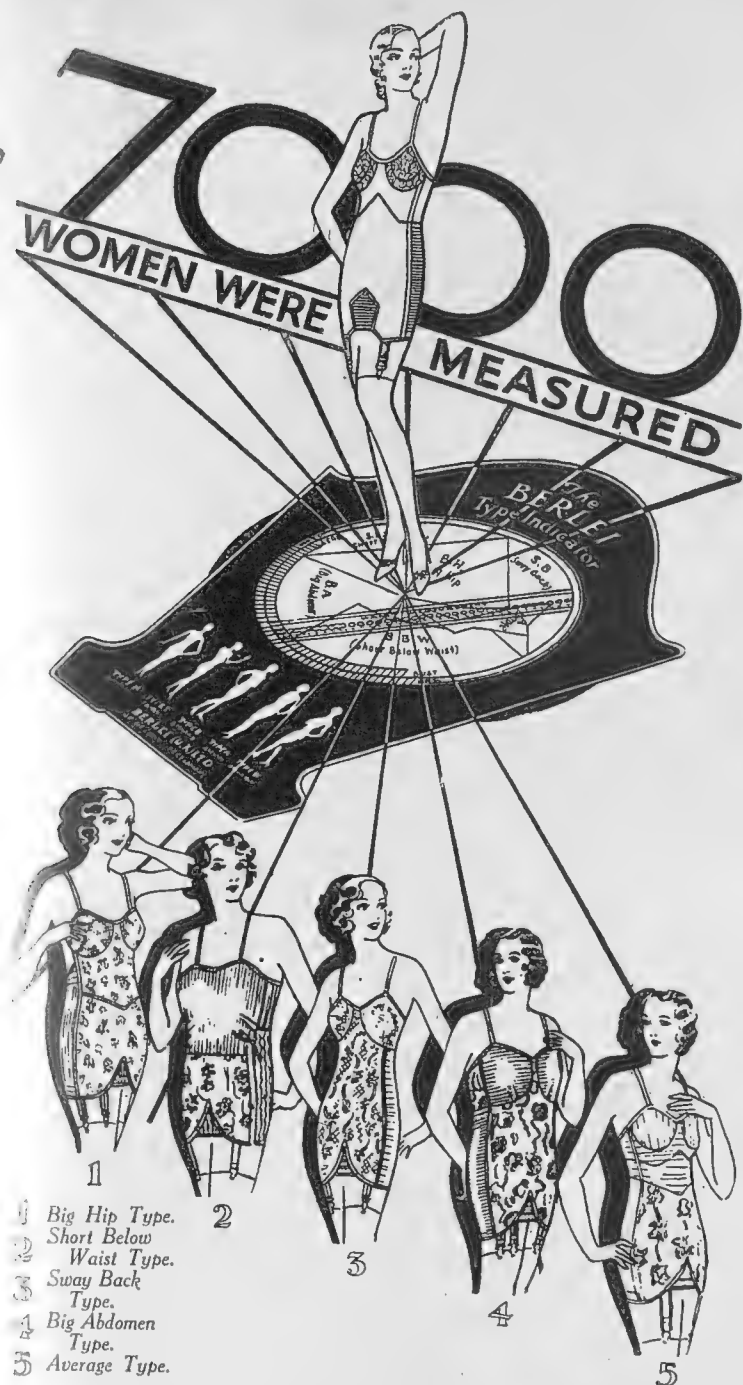
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A Rugby Letter—continued from p. 14

Australia, where he played for Western Australia against the British team last year. He is thick-set and keen, and may be a valuable recruit for the Park. Then in A. K. Woodhouse they have one of the best scrum-halves I have seen this year. Woodhouse has always been a conscientious player, and he seems to have matured, and is shaping very well indeed. He is strongly built, and there is no doubt that the day of the small scrum-half is almost over. Most of the great players in that position in recent years have been big men; A. T. Young was an exception, but think of Kershaw, Powell, Nelson, and Sugden. The scrum-half, nowadays, has to stand up to so much hammering by back-row forwards that size is an asset, and it certainly is no handicap in getting the ball away quickly. Young W. R. Logan, who played for Scotland against England last year, is also big and powerful, and is a player to watch. He has the makings of a really great scrum-half in him, and if the Scottish Selectors give B. R. Tod a chance at stand-off half, the Scotch attack may be formidable indeed.

"HARLEQUIN."



THE PLYMOUTH ALBION XV AND ITS OFFICIALS

Guy's beat this team at Honor Oak Park, minus one of their star turns, Alexander, for most of the game, so that the hospital's win by a goal and a dropped goal to a try and a penalty goal was a really good performance. In this picture the names, left to right, are: F. Axworthy (trainer), E. G. Butcher, H. Beswick, C. S. Blundell, J. Beer, H. Gormley, W. P. McCarty, S. Hosking, F. Granger, S. Body, J. Brigstock, A. Rowe, E. Stanbury (captain), W. Mills, E. E. Richards, T. Rees, R. H. Sparks, H. Dyer

Bussano

is K. D. Crook. J. N. Young will succeed W. W. Nielson in the captaincy of the club, and his long and varied experience both in county and club football, should be of great assistance. The three-quarter line will again be available, namely, R. A. Jones, K. C. Oliver, A. W. Childs-Clarke, and T. G. Jennings. Failing this quartette capable reserves will be found in G. H. R. Goobey, S. G. Stroud, M. G. Phillpott, H. E. Glassborow, etc. The scrum-half position is quite safe in the hands of E. L. M. Mathias, probably one of the best players the club has had in that position. The Wales family will be represented at stand-off half by H. E. R. Wales, with G. N. Hooper also available.

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Eve at Golf *(continued from p. 44)*

and Mr. Straker in front, and kept them there, though they were chased bravely if unsuccessfully to the 14th green.

Next year one fancies there will be many more couples, distinguished and otherwise, chasing the holders. When good players, particularly good men, enjoy themselves the thing is apt to become infectious, and all who went to Woodhall this year spent the last day asking their partners to come again, and talking of the other friends who should be told that come they must whatever the Budget might have done by then to their unfortunate incomes.

Ganton and the English Championship had a fresh sort of prelude this year, something even worse in the matter of exhaustion than County Finals, the thirty-six hole medal round for "The Golf Illustrated" Cup. Of course nobody was under compulsion to go in for it, but having gone in and tied as Mrs. Clements (the Cheshire Champion) and Miss Diana Plumpton (the Essex player) did, you could hardly expect either to give way. So there was nothing for it but an eighteen-hole replay on Sunday morning, when in theory everybody ought either to have been resting or indulging in very quiet practice with some wayward club.

Miss Plumpton's first round was a really brilliant 75, quite the best thing she has ever done, showing that she has added crispness and control to that great length of hers. Mrs. Clement's morning 81 paled into insignificance beside it. Then, in the afternoon, positions were reversed—Mrs. Clement did 80, Miss Plumpton 86, and there was the tie. Mrs. Clement must have metaphorically kicked herself (though how anybody performs that particular evolution has always defeated my imagination) for her seven at the last hole. But since she won the replay with an extremely good 81 to Miss Plumpton's 84, perhaps the kicking could be foregone. If she had any regrets it must have been that she competed at all, for on the Monday morning when the championship started she was so obviously tired that she went out to the young Middlesex player, Miss Betty Roberts-Harris, who was expected to win the Girls' Championship last month. Not that Miss Roberts-Harris did not play extraordinary well.

Four over fours for the match, but if Mrs. Clement had wanted an excuse, which she is too sporting to do, she could have had it in those three medal rounds.

Whatever thrills the later part of the Championship may give us for next week's page, they can hardly be greater than the match in which Mrs. Percy Garon was six up at the turn on Miss Diana Fishwick, and only won on the last green! Mrs. Garon was out in 37, which is extraordinarily good at Ganton even on a still day, and if she was getting a little frightened of the putts when the lo lead began slipping away she only did what most human golfers would have done. At least she played the 18th hole perfectly for her one up win, and Miss Fishwick, as she always does, took her beating smiling.

Miss Morgan had hard work to shake off Miss Jean Hamilton, whom she could only beat 2 and 1. Miss Gourlay was in trampling mood. Of course the Championship was much the poorer for not having its holder, Miss Enid Wilson, there, and not a little depressed that she had not won the American just to make up. Miss Audrey Holmes, one of last year's semi-finalists, was not there, and with the runner-up, Mrs. Porter, and the other semi-finalist, Miss Sylvia Bailey, both out in the first round, the prophets began to be very sure that this was to be the day of the new player.

The second morning was comparatively dull and quiet, just to match the weather, but the thrills came right enough in the afternoon, when Mrs. Percy Garon went out to Miss Diana Esmond 4 and 3. Miss Elsie Corlett was taken to the last green by Mrs. Clarke, the long-hitting Hampshire champion, and Miss Rudgard only won by 2 and 1 from young Miss Dorothy Marshall. Perhaps a list of the last, the point arrived at on going to press gives the best idea of how things were going at Ganton: Miss Mabel Wragg, Miss Molly Gourlay, Miss Marjorie Livingstone, Miss Diana Esmond, Miss Elsie Corlett, Miss Leatham, Miss Rudgard, Miss Wanda Morgan. Needless to say all these eight, as well as the defeated sixty-two who made up the rest of the Championship, are thoroughly in love with Ganton. Well they may be.



Miss Diana Esmond, semi-finalist at Ganton, with Mrs. Percy Garon, who beat Miss Fishwick in the second round

CONGRATULATIONS OF THE WEEK TO

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NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, appeal for a bed-ridden widow who has been an invalid with heart trouble for many years; she lives in one of the poorer S.E. districts of London. She is now losing the sight of her right eye and is quite alone in the world except for a widowed niece who lives next door and comes in daily on her way to and from her work, to attend to her old aunt. Her late husband worked for thirty-five years in the same firm of leather workers, but died about a year ago from pneumonia following influenza. He and his wife held excellent references and were always highly respected in the district. The old woman dreads being moved into an institution, and her doctor considers that she is quite adequately looked after, but he has ordered her to have a daily meal from the invalid kitchens. She cannot possibly afford the full cost, so they have kindly arranged to supply her for 4s. weekly. She will pay 6d. herself, and we want to collect £4 4s., to give the balance of 3s. 6d. a week for six months. It is a small sum, but it will mean so much for this old woman. Please help her.

One of the largest, and perhaps the most popular, charitable functions will be the Motor Ball to be held at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, on October 21, in aid of the Motor and Cycle Trades' Benevolent Fund. So too will be the Duchess of Sutherland's Ice Carnival in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital, which takes place at the Grosvenor House Ice Rink on November 18.

The New Savoy Hotel Orpheans are perhaps the most brilliant dance orchestra ever brought to London. They commenced their season on Thursday last, playing in the restaurant each evening and at the Thés Dansants. The New Savoy Hotel Orpheans are under the leadership of Howard Jacobs—the finest soprano saxophonist in the world—and consists of thirteen star soloist musicians

picked from the finest and most famous in Britain and America and including Carroll Gibbons, who will be remembered as the brilliant pianist in the Orpheans. Some of the forth-coming entertainments on the wonderful first floor, during dinner and supper at the Savoy Hotel include Frakson, the cigarette-eating man, the Pierrotys, Buster West and John West, the two sailors, Harry Resco, Rich Hayes, Deszo Retter, who wrestles with himself, Bill Dean, the Three Bredwins, etc.



AT COVENT GARDEN: MISS JOSEPHINE WRAY
The Seglinde in "Die Walküre" and Elsa in "Lohengrin" at the Opera in English season at Covent Garden. The charming actress, who has a wonderful voice, has made a good success in both these famous rôles

The Merrie England Ball, which will be held at Grosvenor House on Tuesday, November 3, in aid of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, will be one of the most attractive of the autumn charity balls. An endeavour is made to recapture something of the world charm of England, and in a fashion period like the present this should not be difficult as far as dress is concerned. Costumes of the particular period represented are optional. Each supper table will represent an English county or some outstanding and typical English episode. Well-known hostesses will preside over their own county table; the chairman of the ball committee, Lady Abingdon, will be hostess at a Glamorgan table, and Lady Douro, who is a member of the committee, will preside over a "Beggar's Opera" table, in costume. A short interlude of song is being arranged after supper, one of the most interesting items being old English songs sung by Lord Dudley Gordon. A feature of the ball itself will be the introduction of a dance programme of the dances of our grandmothers' day; Ambrose's Band will play. Tickets may be obtained from Mrs. Margaret Maclean, Byron House, 7, St. James' Street, S.W.1.

In our issue of September 23 we published a photograph which we described as being of Captain G. F. Maclean and Mrs. George Malcolm. We now find that this was not a photograph of Captain Maclean and Mrs. Malcolm, and we wish to express our regret for the mistake and to apologize for any annoyance it may have caused.

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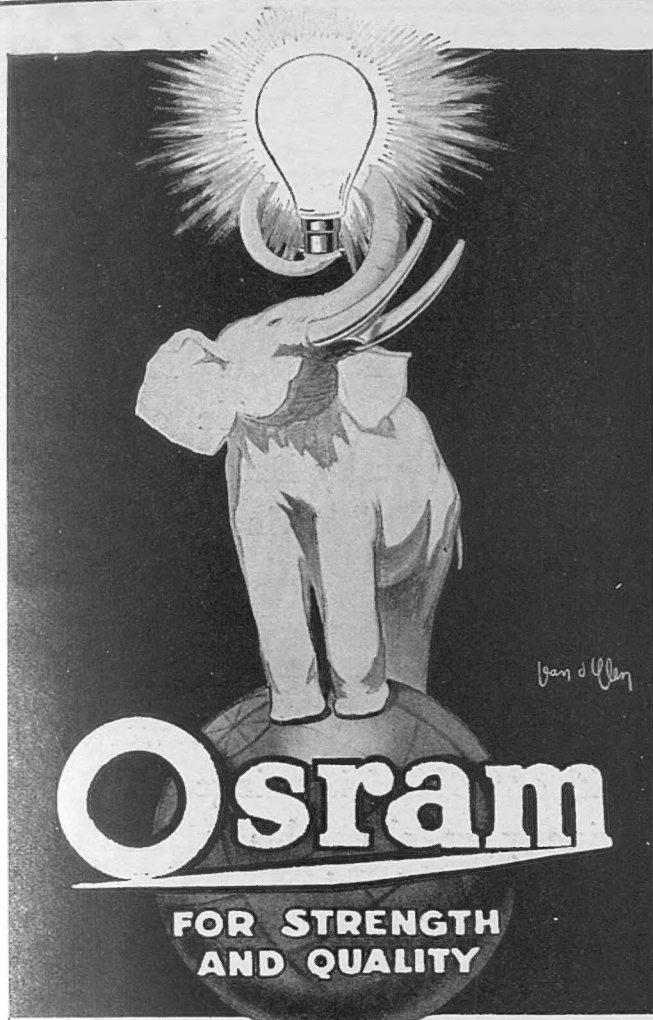
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